THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1925

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

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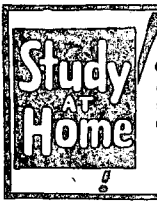

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324—*FEBRUARY 14, 1925*—NO. 4206

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AGITATED CHILE

CHILE seems to be swinging back toward the Radical end of the political arc — a turn that many observers have long considered likely, despite the reassuring reports that the supporters of the new Conservative régime were able to spread abroad without contradiction, and the excellent showing in some respects that it had made. As a matter of fact, the army and navy have not been undividedly behind the military junta and the governing commission it set up last September. Sources of internal dissension arising out of a long-standing lack of harmony between the army and the navy and of a division of opinion and sympathies within the army itself troubled their counsels. Some younger officers were inclined to favor the Radicals rather than the Conservatives. The *Junta Militar*, a group of officers, many of them at first of subordinate rank, which overthrew President Alessandri's Government, never represented the whole army and never counted on the undivided support of the navy. But it was a very influential body, and put in power the *Junta de Gobierno*, consisting of two generals and an admiral that acted as a receiver, so to speak, for the ejected Government. But the Junta de Gobierno has been accumulating unpopularity for some time. Dissensions arose over army appointments and over candidates for the Presidency to succeed the deposed Executive. Many students, organized labor, and discontented elements among the common people were always opposed to the new régime. Their opposition was strengthened by the distaste that many people, who were otherwise gratified by the work of the Junta de Gobierno, felt for the manner in which it had acquired its power. Agitation against the Triumvirate has therefore been constant, and probably more serious than disclosed in the reports that have got abroad. Some time ago Pedro Leon Ugalde, a Radical member of Congress, and some of his associates were arrested by the Directory for an alleged plot against the Government. Just how influential these gentlemen are does not appear, but they at least represent a Party.

The medical students at Santiago

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University have been on strike, — students' strikes are no novelty in Latin America, — and have signalized their discontent with their authorities, both academic and political, by smashing up classrooms and apparatus and holding a rally at the Radical Club, at which a sensational letter from ex-President Alessandri to some unknown friend in Chile was read. This letter put quite a different color on the events preceding the President's overthrow from that given to them in the accounts made public. Altogether the political pot has been boiling furiously in Chile, and it may take some little time yet to restore political equilibrium. The fundamental issue is a contest of strength between an insurgent but not overcompetent plebs and a reactionary squirarchy and plutocracy, that stands for good government — with a large measure of special privilege for the governing class.

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CHRISTIAN STUDENTS IN CONFERENCE

EARLY last month the Students' Christian Movement, founded in 1892, having branches in 2700 universities and colleges throughout the world, and representing forty different nations, held its seventh quadrennial conference at Manchester. This Movement, which was originally of an exclusively missionary character, has enlarged its scope to cover a great variety of topics, including most of the social problems that face the Church in modern industrial countries. Among the speakers was Monsignor W. Martin of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, who gave an acute analysis of Europe's social, economic, and political ills. But perhaps the two most significant papers read during the week's sessions were presented respectively by a native of South India and by a Chinaman, both members of the Christian Church. The first of these speakers, Mr. S. J. Theodore, argued that Christianity must be 'naturalized' to the soil of India. Illustrating his point concretely, he said that the Christian churches in India are not to be distinguished externally from the churches in Manchester. They have Norman doors and Gothic steeples. They bear no relation to the India of shrines and temples. He asked why the Christian spirit in India should not express itself in beautiful Indian architecture. The missionaries use the English Litany and sing English hymns, although these have no more capacity for expressing the deepest feelings of the Indian soul than an Indian lyric would have for expressing the deepest needs of the English soul. Moreover, the denominational divisions of Western Europe and America are perpetuated in India, though they bear no vital relation whatsoever to the demands of Indian life.

Mr. T. Z. Koo emphasized the new conditions that Christian thought faces in China in view of the rising tide of nationalism and of materialism, the latter reënforced by a newly created antireligion movement which seems to have come under Bolshevist influence. Simultaneously, however, there is evidence of a growing interest in religion on the part of the common people, as often happens in times of national perplexity and distress. There is a great increase of temple worship; also the new eclectic movement, called the *Tao Yuan*, or Five-Religion Movement, proposing a union of the three old religions of China with Mohammedanism and Christianity, is gaining ground. To meet the new situation Chinese Christians are asking the Protestant missionary bodies in China to consider organizing a United Chinese Christian Church, to transfer Christian work in that country as rapidly as possible

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from missionary to native administration, and to aim toward making that work self-supporting.

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THE ROSSI MEMORIAL

THE publication of the Rossi Memorial, extracts from which we print as our leading article this week, naturally aroused indignant protests and vigorous reprisals from the Fascisti. The Opposition press was promptly silenced. *Il Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's Milan journal, of which Rossi himself was formerly assistant editor and which is now edited by Mussolini's brother, imputed the publicity given the Memorial to 'a group of Internationalists' at Paris. It said: 'The Italian people have the right to know if it is true that its publication was decided upon at a recent meeting at Paris, at which certain political adventurers, a representative of the Free Masons, members of several political groups in France, a well-known exile, and two Italian bankers notorious in the annals of financial piracy and international speculation, were present.' *Epoca*, an Opposition journal, after publishing a letter in which the editor of *Mondo*, the newspaper in which the sensational document originally appeared, challenged *Popolo d'Italia* to produce proof of this Paris transaction, declared: 'We have invited our Milan contemporary to furnish facts and specifications in support of its assertion. So far *Popolo d'Italia* has paid no attention to our request.'

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POLAND'S PERENNIAL PROBLEMS

UNTIL recently the Communist group in the Polish Diet consisted of only two members. It has been reënforced of late by the adhesion of four deputies from the Ukrainian delegation, and six deputies from the border provinces of White Russia. This raises the strength of the group to twelve members, and gives it the right to be represented on parliamentary committees. The extreme Left has been further fortified by a division in the powerful Peasant delegation into a Conservative and a Radical faction.

La France Militaire, in alluding editorially to the increasing frequency of the disorders along the Russo-Polish frontier, says: 'Perhaps they are to be regarded as spontaneous manifestations of anarchy rather than deliberate acts of aggression inspired by the Soviet authorities.' So long as the Moscow Government cannot suppress the predatory bands within its own territories, it presumably cannot prevent pillaging-raids across its borders into the territory of its neighbors. Living along the Russo-Polish marches must be a decidedly stirring experience just at present. In one neighborhood, for instance, eight fires were started at different points in a single night, and the Polish guards called out to capture the incendiaries were beaten off with rifle fire. Two days later a band raided the same village, burned six houses and several stacks of grain, and carried off twenty-six horses. At another point sixty men armed with rifles and hand grenades held up a train and stripped the passengers of their valuables. Among the latter were a local governor, a bishop, a senator, and a police official, and the train carried a guard of armed soldiers, two officers, and thirteen gendarmes and police sergeants. Some of the Polish papers ridicule the authorities for their inability to prevent such incidents. *Kurjer Informacjonny* remarked apropos of the hold-up just described: —

> In spite of the sympathy that we feel for his misfortunes, a governor like Mr. D., who lay flat on the floor of the car awaiting the arrival of the robbers, and was stripped

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of all his clothing except his shirt, can hardly expect the event to increase his prestige nor, what is more serious, the prestige and dignity of his office.

It is a saying in Central Europe that there are three descending grades of diplomacy: normal diplomacy, where a diplomat is a man hired to lie for his country, Soviet diplomacy in bourgeois countries, and Soviet diplomacy in Poland. The last of these was illustrated when the Polish authorities arrested the chief agent directing several Communist disorders in Poland last November, principally among the Lodz textile workers and the Dombrova coal miners. This representative of the Communist International proved to be a Mr. Waldenberg, who in 1922 was Director of the Political Department of the Ukraine, and subsequently — up to last January — was Vice-Director of the Legal and Economic Department of the Foreign Office in Moscow. Two days after this arrest the Soviet Ambassador presented his credentials to the President of Poland, and said in his introductory speech: 'The principal object I have set before me is to create an atmosphere of perfect confidence between our two neighboring nations.'

The bitterness of the nationality controversies in Poland, which give their opportunity to the Soviet agitators, is illustrated by what happened when Polish Liberals recently decided to organize a Ukrainian University at Lemberg. The Ukrainian students, who had boycotted the Polish University at that city, promptly shifted their boycott from this institution to the new Ukrainian University, determined to accept no favors from the Poles; and they threatened with death the professors who accepted appointments on its faculty.

Poland's public finances have improved decidedly. The reforms carried out early in the year apparently have borne the fruit expected. The budget is balanced, and the new currency has kept its parity without difficulty. But there has been little alleviation so far in the industrial situation. High prices continue, with serious effects at home, and even more on Poland's foreign trade. But these are healing-pains after a period of inflation such as we ourselves experienced in 1920.

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GENERAL FENG EXPLAINS

THE Tientsin correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* reports a recent interview with General Feng as follows: —

He was much the sort of a man I had imagined: little sharp calves' eyes in a head much too big for them; long bony fingers, with the nail of the little finger of extraordinary length, to show his rank; and a figure wrapped rather than clothed in a long gray mantle. I looked around the room. On the walls were an oil painting of Christ's Resurrection, a general-staff map of China, and a congratulatory address in Chinese characters. They seemed to suit the man — a little Christianity, a little military science, and a little political puff.

'Has Germany recovered from the effects of a war in which she defended herself with a heroism I have always admired?' asked Feng.

I answered, in order to pave the way for the questions I had in mind: 'No country, Your Excellency, ever recovers from a war, no matter how prosperous it may eventually become. Who can measure the still more marvelous prosperity it might have enjoyed if it had never had a war?'

Feng ruminated on this a moment and then said: 'Quite right. That is also my opinion. That is why I stopped

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this war.' And he seemed to chuckle lightly to himself.

I returned to the attack immediately. 'Does Your Excellency believe that the Chinese factions will ever settle their controversies without war?'

Feng bethought himself of his reputation: 'If our politicians would only obey Christ's injunction: Love your neighbors.'

'But,' I objected, 'is n't Your Excellency aware that even Christian Europe utterly disregards this maxim?'

Feng was silent a moment and then said: 'Yes, you may be right. In any case, however, I have ended the war in the quickest way possible — and in the most Chinese way.'

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THE HOHENZOLLERN MILLIONS

PART of the political jockeying that eventually brought forth the Luther Cabinet in Germany was designed to overthrow the Cabinet of Prussia so as to give complete control of the most important State of the Republic to a bourgeois coalition. This manœuvre apparently has succeeded. Among its results may be a readjustment of the Hohenzollern property-claims.

It was not the intention of the men who led the revolution of 1918 to dispossess the former sovereign of all his estate. The new Government paid Wilhelm $8,000,000 outright — 32,000,000 marks gold — as compensation for certain seized properties, settled pensions upon the royal princes, and restored some of the Crown lands. The pensions total about $150,000 a year.

Before Wilhelm's abdication the Prussian sovereign was the largest landowner in his kingdom. He possessed some forty vast estates, and an even larger number of palaces and country houses. In the course of time, moreover, these royal properties and the State properties had become considerably mixed — sufficiently to make their disentanglement difficult.

The Prussian authorities have offered to turn over to the King a dozen of his large estates, including the hereditary Hohenzollern castle, the old palace in which Wilhelm I resided in Unter den Linden, a palace at Potsdam, several manor houses, and all the furniture, works of art, family jewels, and articles of historical value that may reasonably be counted among the personal belongings of the former ruler. This offer has been rejected. The representatives of the Kaiser insist on the return of estates approximating a quarter of a million acres — a claim that the Prussian authorities have so far refused to consider.

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A SPANISH POLITICAL AGNOSTIC

AZORIN describes in *La Prensa* a walk that he recently took with Pio Baroja, the distinguished Spanish novelist, through the centre of Madrid.

'See this crowd,' Azorin remarked; 'but no one in the shops or dance-halls or theatres discusses politics. No one mentions the Directory or the old politicians. No one concerns himself with what the Directory will do or with what the old political guard thinks. There are no longer any politics in Spain. People attend the theatre, go to athletic events, read books, work in shops or factories, travel, and discuss all sorts of social questions, but no one talks of politics.'

To this and more of the same sort Pio Baroja answered that, while it was true that no one in Spain interested himself in politics, the situation was quite different in 1830, for example, or in 1859. 'We are witnessing in Europe the collapse of the French Revolution. That Revolution made every citizen a soldier and every man a politician. The tremendous expansion

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of modern industry is modifying profoundly the practical results of that revolution. . . . It has forced the people to work intensely and concentrate themselves upon production, leaving them little time for the rites and doctrines of democracy. The war and its results have shattered democracy. Politics is becoming merely a branch of administration. We are beginning to run our public business in the same way that we make matches, provide water for our towns, or light our streets at night. A citizen does not concern himself with politics any more than he does with street-cleaning or any similar branch of the public service. He looks upon politics as simply an accessory to running the government. . . . The people are no longer preoccupied with themselves; as a people they are no longer democrats.'

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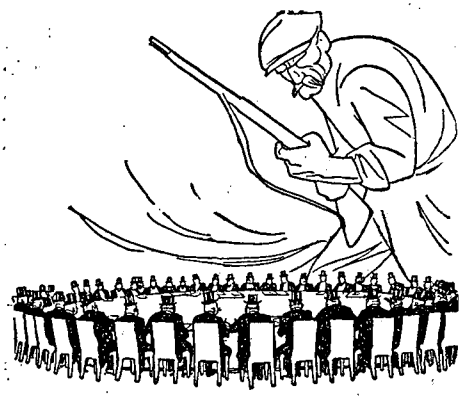
Minor Notes

Professor Corrado Gini of the University of Padua maintains the paradoxical thesis in the *Zeitschrift für Schweizerische Statistik* that the national wealth of the belligerent countries suffered no actual diminution through the World War. It is impossible to give Professor Gini's argument in detail — it is briefly and inadequately summarized in the December 19 issue of the London *Economic Review* of the Foreign Press, a journal which takes issue with the Professor's findings. The chief argument advanced in support of the Italian economist's unorthodox conclusions are that war debts, being purely statistical and abstract, do not involve a reduction of physical wealth; but that they none the less stimulate production in an effort to pay them; property destroyed through war is rapidly replaced out of increased national savings; inflation, while causing privation and suffering to individuals and certain classes of the population, has little or no deleterious effect on productive organization, but likewise stimulates production. Moreover, the psychological effects of war enhance accumulation and the effort to produce new goods.

AS THE BOLSHEVIKI SEE IT



Communism Stalking over Europe. — *Pravda*, Moscow

Uncle Sam Holds Europe in His Net. — *Humanité*, Paris

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AN OMINOUS DOCUMENT

CESARE ROSSI'S DEFENSE IN THE MATTEOTTI MURDER CASE

From *La Stampa, December* 28
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

[A SENSATIONAL memorial written by Cesare Rossi, former Chief of the Government Press Bureau at Rome under the Mussolini Cabinet, at the time when he was a fugitive from justice immediately after the assassination of Matteotti last summer, was published in Nitti's daily, *Il Mondo*, on December 27. This document profoundly shocked public opinion in Italy. Notwithstanding its *ex parte* character, it has harmed Mussolini's personal prestige almost as much as the Matteotti murder harmed the whole Fascist régime.]

ROSSI first enumerates his close relations with the Fascist movement from the time it started, the prominent posts he held in the organization, his intimacy with Mussolini as the latter's right-hand man on the editorial staff of his Milan journal, *Popolo d'Italia*, his appointment as Mussolini's political secretary, and his later elevation to the head of the Press Bureau of the Premier. In May the Grand Council of the Fascisti appointed him a member of its Quardumvirate. Rossi then continues:—

This then is my record of service. It sufficiently shows that I cannot be considered merely an irresponsible and discredited underling. Consequently, when the Fascist Party leaders, the Government, and the press, whether moved by a spirit of vendetta, selfish calculation, or panic, attempt to make me responsible for planning the various violent and illegal acts committed since the March of Rome, I am forced to show first that this whole policy ran contrary to my own natural inclinations as a moderate and an opportunist in political matters; and I am compelled to state at the outset that everything that was done and that happened was in each instance at the direct wish, or with the approval, or with the complicity of *Il Duce* [Mussolini]. I am referring specifically to the cudgeling of Amendola, ordered by Mussolini without my knowledge to De Bono and planned by Candelori; to the beating up of Misuri, planned by Balbo at Mussolini's suggestion; to the assault on Forni, for which I received direct personal orders from Mussolini, and which I carried out with the help of Giunta; to the attack upon Nitti's residence at Rome; to the demonstrations against the Opposition which Mussolini ordered Foschi to carry out; to the suggestion that Mussolini made to the Quardumvirate to give the Honorable Ravazzolo the lesson he deserved for his disobedience; to the destruction of the Catholic clubs at Brianza, which Mussolini ordered the Honorable Maggi to carry out — instructions he later graciously repeated to me.

I may add that Commissioner Fasciolo was instructed, at Mussolini's orders, to send daily to local Fascisti the names of subscribers to the *Voce Republicana*, *Avanti*, *Giustizia*, *Unita*, *Italia Libera*, and other journals, in order that they might be punished and beaten.

I describe further the sending to France, with passports forged by De

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Bono and with money furnished by Finzi in my presence to the Honorable Bastianini, of Dumini, Volpi, Putato, and others, to avenge the death of Geri, the Fascist killed at Paris.

I add that Dumini, Putato, and Volpi had a free general pass issued by the Railway Administration at the instance of the General Administration of the P. S.

Several paragraphs follow citing particular letters and documents, some of them written by Mussolini's own hand, in which the use of illegal violence against the opponents of Fascism was advocated or ordered. Rossi mentions by name a long list of prominent Italians who are familiar with these documents, and then continues: —

To illustrate better the continual alarm in which the President [Mussolini] lived and made us live, I recall that one morning, after reading an intercepted telegram from a family in Cremona conveying promises of support to d'Annunzio, he ordered a dispatch to be sent to Farinacci, directing that the signers of the telegram be punished and beaten.

This atmosphere of rancor and fear was responsible for the kidnapping of Matteotti, which ended in his assassination. We are therefore in the presence of a political crime — naturally a crime committed by the Government.

So far as the Matteotti case itself is concerned, I have no direct and specific responsibility for it, inasmuch as I had broken off all relations with Dumini some forty days before it happened, in consequence of an attempt he had made to injure me, which is known only to the following gentlemen. . . .

Rossi gives the names of these gentlemen, and in several paragraphs cites reasons why he could not have been conversant with the plan to kidnap or assassinate Matteotti. He then proceeds to give further details concerning the more conspicuous acts of violence against the political opponents of Fascism already mentioned.

The Amendola Attack. While I shared the responsibility for the assaults upon Misuri and Forni, I knew nothing directly of that upon Amendola. I first learned of it from the newspaper *Il Piccolo*, if my memory serves me right. I immediately telephoned from my office to De Bono, asking further details. I understood at once from De Bono's ambiguous reply that it was a Government assault, manufactured in the family. That afternoon my curiosity caused me to call on De Bono at his office. He said to me that some 'kids' had been playing pranks. I then learned that Candelori, the Consul of the Legion of Rome, had organized the thing. I asked what the President [Mussolini], who was at Milan spending his birthday with his family, thought of it. De Bono answered verbatim as follows: 'At first he pretended to be angry because there were other people around. But later he called me to him privately and, after asking for further details, concluded the conversation by saying, "It gives me a better appetite for dinner."' . . .

It was at this time, when Amendola was assaulted, that Mussolini began to express frankly some of his ideas of retaliation, which consisted substantially of kidnapping and disposing of the most formidable enemies of his Government.

Sending Dumini, Volpi, and Putato to France. After the murder of the Fascist Geri at Paris, Honorable Bastianini, after having talked the matter over with Mussolini, sent Dumini, Volpi, and Putato to Paris. False passports for the three persons were signed

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by De Bono. Finzi, at the orders of Mussolini, gave to Bastianini in my presence ten thousand lire. I believe that on their return they were again paid as much more. According to the reports that Dumini sent to me, and that I read to the President and then passed on to De Bono, their mission of investigation and retaliation in France was successful. Sometimes Mussolini commended the reports; sometimes he was skeptical as to their contents. When Dumini returned from Paris, the President, upon meeting him, congratulated him cordially. The Secretary of the Fascisti for Foreign Affairs had a cigarette case made as a present for Dumini.

The Misuri Assault. Meeting me after Misuri's speech, the President was very angry and said that Fascism could not tolerate such insulting attacks and that Misuri must be soundly punished at once. The Honorable Balbo undertook to do this in conjunction with Bonaccorse and Consul Candelori. The next day after the assault Mussolini showed exultant satisfaction, remarking lightly that of course Misuri might die.

The Attack upon Forni. . . . The attack upon Forni originated this way. One afternoon I received an urgent telephone call from Mussolini telling me to come immediately to Palazzo Chigi. There I found the President in a state of furious excitement and anger against Forni on account of his Biella speech. He was also furious against Gasti because he had sent a friendly telegram to the same meeting where Forni had criticized the Party and the Government. He shouted at me several times that Fascism did not know how to take care of itself, and that he must have men who struck straight at the mark. Among other things he said: 'What does Dumini do? Does he [the expression that follows is unprintable]?' Dumini was a man who knew how to handle these fellows, 'because he feels he is the servant of the Party and the Government.'

I tried to calm him by pointing out that such differences of opinion in our Party were an isolated phenomenon, but later he succeeded in convincing me, and I promised that I would immediately take up with Giunta the matter of sending someone to Milan or Pavia.

We settled with Giunta to send a friend to arrange with the *arditi di guerra* to give Forni a lesson. He advised me to limit it to a sound cudgeling, but I had no orders to stop with that.

Here ends the portion of the document published by *Il Mondo*, from which these extracts have been selected. *Il Mondo* printed the manuscript in facsimile, in order to prove that it was genuine.

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A PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION IN MEXICO

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December* 28
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

Mexico has lived through a great moment — the peaceful transfer of the Presidency from General Obregón to General Calles. That is a fact of high political significance, and of large social and economic import. For once no blood flowed in this land of perpetual revolutions, although up to the last moment disorders and revolts were feared. This is the first time in twelve years, and the third time during the one hundred years since Mexico became independent, that the highest office in the country has passed peacefully and legally from one incumbent to another.

A Mexican President rules his country with an arbitrary authority unknown in Europe. No corps of civil servants with established tenure and traditions exists to carry on the normal business of government. Each new President fills, not only the highest offices, but even the most ordinary and routine positions in the public service, with his friends and partisans. Whoever has seen the pale, care-furrowed faces of Mexican government employees when a new President takes office will understand why they will fight to the last ditch to keep their leader in power, and will even encourage him to become a permanent dictator.

Obregón was not personally ambitious and self-seeking. He was a model public servant, and can well take pride in his rare feat of peacefully transferring his high office to another. That ceremony was performed with a brilliant formality such as the capital has seldom witnessed. Special delegations, mostly from other American countries and Spain, brought the congratulations of their Governments to the Mexican people. Several Labor delegates from both the United States and Germany came to convey the greetings of the working people of their respective countries to the new President. Everyone regards this peaceful inauguration as an event of happy augury for Mexico's future.

President Calles's inauguration occurred on the thirtieth of November. It was a warm, pleasant Sunday. At 10 A.M. General Obregón bade farewell to his associates and higher officials. He then rode with General Calles in an open automobile through the streets of the capital, between unbroken ranks of soldiers, to the National Stadium, which had been completed during his administration. The houses along the route were elaborately decorated. Mexico's green, white, and red banner floated everywhere. Lines of pennants in the national colors hung across the streets, together with banners bearing such legends as the following: 'The country's gratitude to General Obregón,' 'Long live the successor to General Obregón's task,' 'The Nation applauds a peaceful inauguration,' 'This peaceful inauguration foretells an era of legality, justice, and progress,' 'Long live the Guardian of the Revolution,' 'The intellectual proletariat has faith in Calles as its champion.'

Long processions of trade-unionists carrying red banners marched to the Stadium, where the gates were opened at eleven o'clock. Thousands of spectators viewed the Presidential cortège from the windows, balconies, and roofs along the route. The soldiers and police controlled the traffic, including the

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dense columns of automobiles, most commendably. Cadets of the military academy were drawn up on either side of the last street before reaching the Stadium. I admired their faultless discipline and neat uniforms. The latter are copied from those of Germany, with the spiked helmet and black cockade.

At precisely noon the incoming and retiring Presidents reached the Stadium, where they were greeted by a salute of twenty-one guns. A blare of trumpets announced their arrival, and massed military bands played the national hymn. The roomy structure, which accommodates some thirty thousand people, was filled to the last seat. Leaving their automobile, the Presidents walked between rows of cadet-school officers and life guards to the great wooden platform that filled almost the whole central arena. This platform, with its flags, flowers, and bunting, made a brilliant picture. The higher army-officers, the Members of Congress, the Governors of the twenty-eight states, the judges, the members of the diplomatic corps, the representatives of the press, and — lest Mexico be an exception — the cinema-operators, were there assembled.

As the Presidents ascended the platform the music stopped and the act of transferring the powers of the chief magistrate began. The new President, standing in the midst of the representatives of the highest officials of the nation, swore to abide faithfully by the Constitution and the laws of the United States of Mexico, to enforce their authority, to perform the duties of President legally and loyally, and to labor solely for the welfare and prosperity of the country. Thereupon the two Presidents embraced cordially, and those seated nearest them pressed forward to present their congratulations. The musicians struck up the national hymn; airplanes circled over the spectators, showering them with green, white, and red confetti. A flock of pigeons, which are always released on such occasions, fluttered through the air. A moment later, to a parting salute of twenty-one guns, the President and the ex-President left the Stadium. The whole ceremony had taken place quietly and seriously. Except for a cry of 'Viva Calles!' here and there from isolated groups of spectators, no sign of a popular demonstration occurred — no such enthusiasm as we are accustomed to in Europe. The Mexican is not that type.

In the evening a great reception was held at the Foreign Office for the diplomatic corps, the special missions, the higher army-officers, and the Members of Congress. Brilliant uniforms dominated the picture. Both Presidents, with the chief officials and the representatives of the foreign Powers, banqueted together. Meanwhile a great military procession of all the troops in the city marched through the avenues. Military music sounded everywhere. Later the soldiers, who carried no weapons, joined the merrymakers, and their officers strolled easily through the streets arm in arm. The throngs on the sidewalks were bombarded from neighboring windows with confetti and paper streamers. Fireworks blazed and crackled in every direction. Government buildings and other important edifices, like the Opera House, were brilliantly illuminated. And the crowd made a deafening din with penny trumpets, which were peddled at every street-corner.

This noise reached a climax about 10 P.M., when every automobile-horn and every siren and whistle in the city let loose. Rockets, Roman candles, flower-pots, and all the other devices of the fireworks-manufacturer, whose art has reached high perfection in Mexico, filled the skies with their multicolored,

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ear-splitting brilliance, while elaborate set-pieces blazed away simultaneously in the public squares. This continued until midnight. The incoming and retiring Presidents bade each other an affectionate farewell at the Government Palace, as good friends laboring for the same end. General Plutarco Elias Calles, a former school-teacher, was now Mexico's chief executive; and Alvaro Obregón, the one-armed, battle-maimed general, retired, like Cincinnatus of old, to his country estate, to become again a farmer.

CHEKA, BROTHER TO THE KREMLIN

BY GEORGES POPOFF

From *Pester Lloyd, December* 29
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

[GEORGES POPOFF, a Russian of part-German descent, several of whose articles have appeared in the *Living Age*, has just published a book of 400 pages upon the Cheka, in which he describes his own experiences in Bolshevist prisons and analyzes the organization and history of the Soviet Government's 'Red Inquisition.']

WHAT is the Cheka? It is a political secret police. But that alone would be nothing remarkable. It would not be worth wasting words over; for every country has something similar. England has Scotland Yard, France the *Sûreté*, America her Secret Service. Furthermore, all these institutions bear some resemblance to the Cheka, and vice versa. But the resemblance goes only part way. It exists to the extent that the Cheka, like the other bodies mentioned, performs the functions of a political police. But its activities do not stop there by any means. It is a far more important organ of the Russian Administration, it is far greater in every way, than the ordinary Secret Services of bourgeois countries.

In fact, the Russian Cheka to-day is the incarnation of a system of government. It plays a far larger rôle than the Holy Inquisition did in Spain three hundred years ago, than the *Comité du Salut Public* did in France one hundred and thirty years ago, or than the *Okhrana* did in old Russia of the Tsars. Yet we are confronted by the astounding fact that, in spite of the unprecedented powers it exercises, its existence is hardly known to many of our contemporaries.

The Cheka is the vehicle of that Asiatic spirit which had allied itself with the Western dogmas of Marx to form that remarkable organism we call Soviet Russia. In spite of her many peculiar traits, old Russia never exhibited such unmistakably Asiatic characteristics as does this new Moskovia. And the Cheka is in no slight degree the force that has thus Asiaticized the nation.

To-day the Soviet Government has been recognized by several of the Great Powers. It has concluded commercial treaties with many of them. It has granted innumerable concessions to

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capitalists and capitalist corporations. But what then? Is commercial intercourse between Russia and Western Europe really developing along normal lines? Is there any sign of real coöperation between the two sections of the Continent? Not the slightest. Why not? Because two Governments exist in Russia — one in the Kremlin and the other on the Lubianka. Western Governments have signed carefully drafted treaties with the Soviet Government in the Kremlin, providing for all conceivable eventualities. But they seem to have overlooked the existence of the Cheka, although it is precisely that invisible army which can and does make all theoretically valid contracts between the Soviet Government and foreign Governments illusory. In spite of all these treaties and all these *de jure* recognitions, the number of merchants who are visiting Russia and dealing with her still remains very small. Why? Because the merchants of the rest of the world have a highly developed sensory nerve for the true conditions in any country where they do business. And they do not trust Russian conditions. With good reason. Only they do not seem clearly to visualize the cause of their distrust, although they instinctively appraise the situation as it actually is. Let them understand, then, first of all, that it is the second Russian Government, the brother Government of the Kremlin, the Cheka, that is chiefly responsible for the unstable situation, for the arbitrariness, for the uncertainty, that make it impossible to do business with Russia. Abolish the Cheka and the principal obstacle that now blocks trade with that country would be removed.

Originally the Cheka was called the 'All-Russian Extraordinary Commission of the Council of People's Commissioners for Combating Counter-Revolution, Speculation, and Sabotage.' Under this theoretically innocuous name the Commission rapidly extended a bloody reign of terror over Russia. It immediately became famous. The people began to abbreviate the title into the 'Extraordinary Commission,' which in Russian is *Chrezvychainia Komissia*. But this title was soon felt to be inconveniently long. Consequently, following a common practice in their tongue, the people combined the initial letters of the two words — in Russian 'Che' and 'Ka' — into the present ominous term of terror, Cheka.

When the Bolsheviki seized power on the twenty-eighth of October, 1917, they selected as their seat of government a large, massive, imposing schoolbuilding in Petrograd, the Smolny Institute for Young Ladies of the Nobility. During the first few months they felt exceedingly insecure, and converted the building into a virtual fortress, in which they resolved to die rather than surrender. Finally, on the twentieth of December, 1917, a decree was issued organizing the Cheka. It began: 'The Council of People's Commissioners hereby organizes a special commission to be called the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission of the Council of People's Commissioners for Combating Counter-Revolution, Speculation, and Sabotage.' A series of paragraphs followed, prescribing the powers, functions, procedure, and constitution of this body. Originally it was not designed to give it authority to impose the death penalty. But Dzerzhinskii, the head of the Commission, would have no such trifling. His henchmen did not wait for a written order of the court to execute their prisoners. Suspicious? To the wall with him! They respected solely the 'undefined limitations' of their authority. These were implied in the first section of the decree itself: 'The Extraordinary Commission

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is directed to prevent and terminate all counter-revolutionary or sabotage conspiracies or actions within any of the territories of the Russian Government, irrespective of the source from which they proceed.'

Originally the Chekists included only a few Communists, whom the Central Committee, by virtue of the authority of the Party, ordered to take services in that body. A large majority of their members were former Tsarist gendarmes and members of the old secret-police, without whose experience and skill the new proletarian Okhrana seemed unlikely to succeed. These sinister Okhrana heroes, thankful to have escaped the vengeance of the Revolutionists with their lives, displayed tremendous zeal in the service of their late enemies. They readily placed at the disposal of their new employers all the treachery and trickery of the Tsarist spy-system, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing their apt Communist pupils excel their teachers in their new vocation. So Tsarist veterans and Bolshevist recruits made common cause together. They organized an army of hundreds and thousands of spies, whom they taught and trained until they had spun a diabolical net all over Russia.

When the Soviet Government removed to Moscow on March 12, 1918, Dzerzhinskii followed it. He converted the Kremlin into a fortress with the same staff of spies and sentries that he had previously set up at Smolny Institute. He remained the Chief of the All-Russian Cheka, the '*V-Cheka*,' which since that date has had its headquarters in Lubianka Street. He next founded a Moscow Cheka, the '*M-Cheka*.' The common people call both indiscriminately 'Lubianka' for short, after the street where they have their offices. The Petrograd Cheka, or '*P-Cheka*,' occupies a building in Gorokhovaia Street in that city, and for this reason is nicknamed the 'Gorokhovaia.' Its first chief was Comrade Uritzkii, who practically wiped out the old Petrograd court aristocracy.

This first period lasted eight months from the date of organization, — from the twentieth of December, 1917, to the seventeenth of August, 1918, — when Kannegiesser, a Socialist, assassinated Uritzkii. Unquestionably it was only after this first phase of its history that the Red Terror was given full swing; but it is an error to imagine that the Cheka was passive during the first eight months of Soviet rule. We have fairly accurate records of the official executions during this period; for, quite exceptionally, Communist and anti-Communist data agree. Between December 1917 and September 1918 nine hundred people, in round numbers, were executed in Petrograd, and nine hundred more elsewhere in Russia.

But the system has produced even worse abuses than executions — even executions *en masse*. I need only mention the custom of seizing hostages, which the Cheka adopted — or rather resurrected from the darkness of the Middle Ages — as early as 1918. Its officers seized one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, and even more, perfectly innocent men, women, and children, incarcerated them in the damp cellars of the Lubianka Prison, and announced that they would all be shot the moment any person whatsoever tried to kill a Soviet leader. Mothers and wives were held as hostages until their sons and husbands surrendered to the Cheka; and even to-day the Cheka still regards the hostage system the main prop of its power.

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INDIAN IMPRESSIONS

BY W. STAEGLI

From *Berliner Tageblatt, December* 21
(LIBERAL DAILY)

'CALCUTTA is a symbol of British rule,' an Englishman on the train said to me, with visible pride in this second-largest city of the Empire. So I stand at the centre of gravity of Anglo-Saxon imperialism in Asia.

Calcutta consists of a gigantic empty lawn, the 'Maiden,' nearly three quarters of a mile wide and well toward a mile long, said to be the largest public square in the world. It serves for football and similar sports, and is surrounded by a row of ugly buildings in what someone has called 'the speculation style of architecture.' These accommodate several rather mediocre hotels, clubs that discuss the ideas of yesterday, and shops that sell the fashions of day-before-yesterday. On the north stands the old Government House, seat of the Indian Administration before its removal to Delhi. It is an imitation of a baroque country-palace, now happily concealed by a screen of trees and trellises. To the south looms a sort of marble wedding-cake, which I at first thought was a temporary exposition-building, but learned later was a museum. Compared with the Taj Mahal, it is like Mrs. Newrich beside a princess.

Scattered over the lawn that separates these two masterpieces of our superior European culture are some thirty statues. Happily they do not stand in a row like those in our Siegesallee, but in other respects they resemble them. They represent the Governors of India from Clive — that wonderful cross between Napoleon and a footpad who founded British rule in Asia — to the elegant, well-groomed lords of the present era, whose noble titles qualify them to rule for a period of five years over three hundred million natives. The present English residents of Calcutta seem to have forgotten even their names, with the exception of that of Lord Curzon, who profits by the fact that his statue stands at the coolest point in the Maiden, where automobile parties park evenings to catch a breath of the refreshing breeze.

Calcutta has a million and a half inhabitants, of whom about twelve thousand are Englishmen and practically all the rest Indians living in dusty 'Black Town,' — among them Rabindranath Tagore. Since the seat of government has been removed to Delhi, no particularly prominent Britishers are left. The city has no concerts or theatres, except a few mediocre movie-shows, but there is a university for Indians. The climate keeps Europeans from undertaking strenuous intellectual labor. All the hotels are surprisingly poor, especially in respect to food, for neither Indians nor Englishmen are good cooks. A couple of Italian restaurants are oases of European culinary culture.

On the other hand, football, golf, tennis, and horse-racing are very popular. Indeed, the Indians themselves have become excellent sportsmen. I saw an important match in which the Indians thoroughly drubbed the English. Most important of all, the natives have learned to follow such events intelligently and to bet on them; so that

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here in the land of the Vedas and Upanishads the sporting-pages in the newspapers are devoured with equal eagerness by whites and browns.

One evening I had the privilege of attending, as the only European, an Indian concert, to which I was invited by a German-speaking native. It was held at the residence of a wealthy Hindu who lives in the European quarter. The room was carpeted with rich rugs, and we sat Indian-fashion on the floor. I noticed among the guests many strikingly intelligent faces — poets, lawyers, professors, artists, and a sprinkling of more ordinary music-loving people, such as we see at our concerts. All waited with interest for the arrival of the guest of honor — Tagore, the poet.

At length he appeared, a tall, slender gentleman, with kindly, delicate features and a beard, — a rarity in Bengalese society, — wearing a long robe of yellow silk, a high lilac-satin cap, and sandals on his bare feet. He removed the latter when he entered the room. I was introduced to him, and he spoke in a most appreciative way of Germany and her spiritual kinship with India. He regretted that a narrow-minded bureaucracy still keeps Germans from visiting India, and thus forcibly prevents direct contact between German thought and science and the intellectual life of his own country.

Then the music began. A singer sang to his Indian audience while his accompanist played upon two drums. It was an improvisation of ancient motifs portraying the moods of the morning, of evening, of spring, of mourning, and of love. The words were chanted rather than sung, with a wealth of undertones that gave color and expression to the melody. An Indian vocalist imitates with the voice the sighing of the wind or the murmur of a brook as perfectly as we do with instruments.

Next an artist played upon a *shorodvina*, an old Indian instrument resembling a large twelve-stringed mandolin. With marvelous dexterity he dampened and released with one hand all twelve of these strings, while the other hand swept over them so rapidly that his fingers were almost invisible, yet with perfect rhythm and control. It seemed to me more wonderful than the most perfect violin-solo.

Our entertainment concluded with recitations of ancient Sanskrit verses. Then we dispersed — an evening of intellectual relaxation in cultivated Bengalese society.

Calcutta's exhausted European residents flee from the city's heat to the neighboring seashore. At Puri, twelve hours away on an express train, I found a beautiful beach, a group of low stone cottages, and two hotels where there were European beds. In our little Indian villa we slept on broad wooden benches, which are delightfully cool but rather hard. Immediately after arriving we took a plunge in the sea. Though the water lay as still as a mirror in the bright sun, out in the surf there was a powerful undertow, so that I was obliged now and then to seize the hand of the native who accompanied me.

Above the low cottages rose the tower of Juggernaut Temple, one of the holiest places of the Hindus. Three great structures, with triple roofs rising to sharp points, stand in succession within the principal entrance, each in turn a little higher than its predecessor. Just beyond these the sacred tower itself rises high above the surrounding temple-buildings. Although with this arrangement each building conceals part of the one behind it, the total effect is an architectural crescendo; and to the eye of the Believer his progress from the bright, elaborately decorated 'Vestibule of the Temple Dancers,' through the plainer and simpler 'Audience

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Room of the Gods,' to the last dark cell of the All Holiest, symbolizes the attainment of the ultimate unity that he seeks. The spiritual experience that the temple illustrates is also suggested to the visitor who views the whole group from the roof of a neighboring building and studies the rhythmic lines of its ascending, interrupted, and again ascending contours.

In front of the temple was a scene of great activity. The Durga-Puya was about to be celebrated. A brightly painted wooden image of the famous eight-armed goddess, clad in bright fabrics and wearing sparkling jewels, was carried through the throng. At one side of the temple stood the rudely fashioned, heavy-wheeled car on which the image of Juggernaut, 'the Lord of the World,' would be dragged down the broad temple-street. This religious ceremony draws a hundred thousand pilgrims to the little town, and in olden times, it is said, ecstatic worshipers were wont to cast themselves on the ground before the approaching god, to be crushed under his ponderous chariot.

Two-wheeled ox-carts were awaiting us at a little station. Creeping under their round, thatched canopy, we were borne away by buffalo at a gentle trot through a pleasing, sunny landscape, past ponds full of white water-lilies and fields and meadows where only an isolated palm betrayed the tropical character of the land.

At length we came to the two wooded hills where some of the oldest cave-cloisters of India are situated. These date from the third century B.C. or earlier. Natural caves in the cliffs have been utilized in constructing one- and two-story retreats. Stone columns have been erected at the entrances. Heroic figures carved in relief decorate the exterior walls, and granite elephants stand as guardians at the portals. The great spiritual ferment that accompanied the spread of Buddhism and Jainism in India stimulated a great building-renaissance, as in our own Gothic age, and sent conscience-tortured men to the wilderness in hordes, in order that they might live a life of meditation and find release from their sins remote from the cares and distractions of worldly life. That was the origin of these early cloisters, where the hermit movement of earlier Brahmanism crystallized into a social institution, as it did at Monte Cassino.

A comfortable dak-bungalow, such as the English provide everywhere in India for the comfort of traveling officials and tourists, afforded us agreeable quarters for the night, and a full moon added its charm to the dreamy garden landscape.

Early next day our ox-carts brought us, at the first flush of dawn, to Bubaneshevar, the temple city of the god Siva. We halted at the side of the Holy Pool of the Thousand Golden Lilies, in which a multitude of worshipers were already bathing in the early-morning sunlight. Then we strolled through the temple grounds, as we might cross an immense forum, noting here and there a half-ruined tower standing among the trees or an elaborately carved stone lying in the grass. A few moments later we stood in front of a well-preserved building that reveals the true spirit of Indian architecture in its happiest expression.

As a rule Indian temples are designed not so much to be seen with the eye as to be felt with the spirit. Only a person who is prepared to open his ears to the language of the stones and to feel the experiences and the emotions incorporated in them will discover the secret of their meaning. He must catch the swelling rhythm of the three or fourfold temple-design, rising from pinnacle to pinnacle to the loftier dome that covers its sacred shrine. He must let the

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language of these strange images of the gods, half-human and half-animal, sink into his soul until he feels in the depths of his own consciousness how truly they express man's primitive awe and secret terror before the mysterious forces of nature. He must interpret the lines of the towers not as he would in Europe, where each stands out straight and distinct, but in all their undulating and tendril-like confusion, as symbolizing clusters of human arms lifted in passionate appeal to God.

This Lingaraj Temple, which was completed about 1100 A.D., represents the culmination of a development whose earlier stages can be followed in the smaller temples that surround it. The latter are for the most part separate shrines, exhibiting a high artistic refinement. They contain among other things the earliest windows of latticed sandstone, destined later to become such an important feature of Mohammedan architecture; but they display in addition the wonderful wealth of plastic Indian relief that is a never-ending joy to an appreciative observer. Muktesvar Temple, a graceful structure of red stone reflected in an artificial basin, is covered with reliefs of frolicking dancing-girls who perpetuate for all time the sparkling joy in life that characterized India's golden age.

We rested for a time at Ramcrishna-Nath, a Vedanta community where the followers of all religions, including the Christians, are received. Here we witnessed a children's service. The little ones knelt in their bright robes before an image of a god and a photograph of the founder, while the hands of an invisible priest swung a censer so that the smoke of the incense rose above them with a fascinating undulating motion like the rhythmic, ever-renewed emphasis of a prayer.

Late that night we resumed our journey in litters. These *palkis*, or palanquins, are little wooden boxes in which a person half reclines and half sits, hung on long poles carried by three coolies in front and an equal number behind. These litters swing as gently as a cradle, and the monotonous undertones of the talking carriers lulled me into a dreamy drowse. The air was perfectly still and the moon shone brightly. Palms lifted their fronds motionless toward Heaven. At first we passed at rare intervals belated ox-carts, but later the road was entirely deserted. Occasionally I caught a glimpse of a sleeping hut wrapped in ghostly silence, or heard a light plashing as the carriers waded a little stream.

After eight hours' night-travel, we reached, just at sunrise, the Black Pagoda. Only the boundary walls and the lower buildings of what was once an imposing temple-group still remain. The tower itself has fallen in. Unlike many conventional Indian temples, this one shows evidence of being designed by an original mind and a master hand. Colors have been consciously and effectively used to emphasize structural details. The crossbeams of the pagoda contrast in deep black against the predominant gray of the building, while the dance-hall in front is of brilliant red sandstone. Conscious emphasis has also been laid upon individual members of the group in their relation to the whole; for example, the dance-hall is managed so as to give a clear view from the main entrance to the dominant central edifice. Last of all, the Indian's passion for expressing movement manifests itself in a remarkable device: the whole temple is conceived as if it were moving away from the observer on an immense carriage; it stands upon ten gigantic wheels, which the four horses of the sun are drawing toward the neighboring ocean — an arresting and truly Indian conception.

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AMONG THE AZTECS. I

BY 'TIO PEPÉ'

From *Volia Rossii, November*
(Prague Russian-Language Social-Revolutionary Semimonthly)

[The author, whose real name is not revealed by the editors, is a Russian refugee, who found his way to Mexico after the Russian Revolution and whose command of Spanish made possible the adventures he describes.]

As I was preparing to leave Mexico City for the Indian town of Ueuetepetl, where I had been appointed Secretary by the Municipal Council, a man of experience said to me: 'I advise you not to criticize the Bolsheviki, and to keep on good terms with the parish priest.'

I was amazed. Bolsheviki and priest!

The first persons who met my eye when, after two days' journey, I left the narrow-gauge coach at a small railway-station lost in the Sierra Madre Mountains, were two men of chocolate complexion, oblique eyes, and simian features. They wore huge straw hats, blinding blue serapes, and sandals on their bare, lifelong-unwashed feet.

Since I was the only passenger on the train, — people do not travel much to these places, — the two Indians approached me without hesitation and, doffing their hats, greeted me Indian fashion, by extending the ends of their fingers, which I barely touched.

'How are you feeling, Mr. Secretary?'

As if they had known me for years!

A horse and a donkey were waiting outside the station. My luggage was put on the donkey, I jumped into the saddle, and my Indians smiled broadly, showing their gleaming white teeth.

'On, Mr. Secretary!'

'And how about yourselves?'

'We 're coming.'

'But where are your horses?'

The Indians laughed. I recalled then that these strange people travel on foot, at remarkable speed, for miles across almost impassable country. Before us yawned a steep descent from a great height into the fertile valley where our village lay. The fog was so thick that I could not see more than a few feet ahead of me, and the heavy, hot moisture grew more and more oppressive as we descended. From time to time we met Indians trotting uphill with their peculiar gait, who mumbled something in their own language.

'What do they say?' I asked my guides.

'They greet you, Mr. Secretary,' was the laughing reply.

'But I can't understand them!'

'Oh, they speak our own language. When you 've lived with us awhile, you 'll learn it.'

'But don't they speak Spanish at Ueuetepetl?' I asked with consternation.

'Some do. It 's mostly those who are *de razón*. Those *de calzón* usually speak Mexican' — which means Aztec.

I should inform my readers that the Mexican people are customarily divided into two classes: those who are educated, or de razón, and those who wear breeches — de calzón. The former are whites, creoles, and mestizos, and wear trousers; the latter are the seven million Indians who wear only a

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shirt and trunks, or 'shorts,' as the English say.

After a three hours' descent we come to Ueuetepetl, a *municipio* of five thousand people, encircled by green mountains. A church and several buildings in the Spanish-colonial style surrounded a paved square with a fountain and neat stone benches in a pretty garden. But everything looked neglected. This was the centre: here were the municipal buildings and the residences of the local aristocracy, or *caciques*. An undefined area of cornfields, forest, and mountain-land lay beyond, which was sparsely populated by Indian families living in thatched cane-huts, often more than a mile apart.

I was assigned a large stone house, probably once very comfortable, but now with broken windows and caved-in floors. A garden surrounded by a high stone wall and adorned with a dry fountain went with the house. Banana plants, azaleas, magnolias, and roses — roses without end — grew there. Emerald humming-birds, and other birds of every hue, yellow, red, golden, blue, — surely here is where Maeterlinck's blue-bird came from, — filled the place with life.

I learned that my future residence had been abandoned by the owner some ten years before on account of the revolution. He found it safer to live at the capital; the building had been used ever since as a warehouse for coffins; and the wonderful paradise of a garden had been converted into an abattoir. At dawn I was awakened by the bellowing protests of the local butcher's victims, and pools of black blood stood in the gateway when I went out in the morning.

'For Heaven's sake, take away the coffins and remove the slaughterhouse.'

'This minute, Mr. Secretary!'

The 'minute' has lasted a month and a half. They did stop slaughtering bullocks in the garden, but continued to do so in the street, under my windows.

No sooner had I arrived and unpacked, with the help of the two Indians whom the Municipal Council had detailed to serve me for an incredibly petty remuneration, than somebody knocked at the window.

The caciques and members of the municipality wanted to make the acquaintance of 'the educated Secretary,' the first educated Secretary in the history of Ueuetepetl, on whom, for that simple reason, the more progressive citizens pinned their hopes.

I had already been informed that the unofficial moving-force behind the Ueuetepetl administration was one Don Nicolas Barreño, manager of his father-in-law's distillery. By the way, all people de razón in Ueuetepetl are relatives, and all of them hate each other bitterly. Don Nicolas proved to be a Don Quixote-like figure, who jumped about like a jack-in-the-box, gesticulated simultaneously with head, hands, and feet, and rejoiced in an antiquated suit of store clothes and an ancient derby which stood out in strange contrast among the sombreros and serapes of his neighbors. The second-important personage was Don Filomeño Tapias, a very rich landowner, shopkeeper, and usurer — a tall, prosperous-appearing man of sixty, looking no older than forty-five, who painfully spelled out his alphabet with his little blue eyes and was always amiable and ready to oblige. A man had to be careful to keep on the good side of Don Filomeño; everybody in the district owed him money. At our very first meeting he informed me that the chief duty of an administrator was to economize.

'And I, the sinner, have never been economical — and now, now I 'm poor! I 'm poor!' he concluded with a sigh.

The President of the Municipal

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Council was a small, thin, consumptive Indian of twenty-six, with a monkey-like face and a thin black moustache. His name was Don Panchito, for an age-old custom requires all Indians to be called by diminutives and, of course, to be addressed as 'thou' and not 'you.' Intelligence and kindness shone from his eyes, but his whole pitiful figure, wrapped in a red serape, with sandals on his bare, dirt-crusted feet, expressed endless humiliation and slavish distrust. Fifteen generations of subjection to white rule seemed to be impersonated in this little 'Municipal President,' whom I had difficulty persuading to take a seat in the presence of so many white men.

Then there was the *regidor de hacienda*, or town treasurer, Don Emilio Rivera. He was a tall, corpulent mestizo, with an aquiline profile, a 'man of big moustache,' as the people call a small *ranchero*. In spite of his poverty and his Indian wife, he counted himself among the aristocracy of Ueuetepetl. He was distantly related to Don Filomeño, but just how, nobody knew. He wore the picturesque Mexican garb; his throat was wrapped in a red kerchief, his big gray sombrero was embroidered with silver braid. He looked down upon the Indians, and although he had never been farther away than the neighboring town in all his life, he thought himself a man of experience, erudition, and progressive ideas. He was the only de razón in the whole Municipal Council, which consisted of ten members, all the rest Indians. Rumor had it that he was Don Barreño's protégé.

I was treated to some raw, man-killing rum. Commonplace phrases on progress were bantered about. And flattery — flattery! Don Panchito was the only one who did not flatter me.

'The Secretary's job is very simple and profitable,' Don Nicolas Barreño informed me, after the others had gone, in his rapid, rattling, ringmaster's way of speaking. 'The President and the elected members are illiterate animals who know nothing about business. The Secretary is everything. He is the master of the municipality. You can see for yourself! I 've been here for over a year, have n't held any office, and want none! And yet they all dance to my tune' — Don Nicolas winked and chuckled. 'All you need to know, dear friend, is the right moment to get them drunk, and the right moment to fine them good and heavy!' He jumped up, performed a pas seul, and sat down again. 'Don't pity them! The more you beat them, the more they bend their backs to you. He-he-he! You 'll enter some of those fines in your books, and some of them — he-he-he! — you 'll set aside to pay for your tobacco. As to fees for marriage licences and birth certificates and suchlike — you don't have to report those. And as to criminal cases — I 'll teach you how to manage those. You 'll just whisper to the defendant — and to the plaintiff also — that there is no better lawyer in the world than Don Nicolas. And I 'll give you a fair share of the fee! In any private business — always come to me for advice! I 'm right here at your service! I 'm here especially to be useful to you! You are a city man and can't begin to be on to all our tricks — and I — I 'm known all over the Sierra Madre. Everybody knows me as an *honest* man,' — he emphasized 'honest,' — 'as a man of decision, of boiling energy!' He jumped up and cut another pas seul. 'Yes, yes — boiling energy! always young, always well, working by the sweat of my brow for my wife and children. You don't know me. During the revolution of 1915 I commanded a division, and General Carranza made special allusion to my

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services. With three soldiers, I saved the town of Tlapalteka from two thousand besiegers! President Carranza, with tears in his eyes, implored me to accept the post of commander of garrison, but I refused proudly. I held a general's rank, but I asked them when I resigned to record my name as a reserve captain. Modesty, modesty, dear friend, is everything! Modesty is the highest virtue. So trust Don Nicolas and sail boldly ahead!'

With growing bewilderment I listened to this speech, so absurd in style but rich in revelation, of the man at whose instance I had been brought to this remote hole. Where was I? What would my post prove to be?

'How about your own influence, Don Nicolas? How did you come by it?' I asked.

'Dear friend! Young and open-hearted friend! Open-heartedness is the greatest virtue! A distillery, my friend, a distillery, and Don Nicolas Barreño at the head of it. Beloved by all, fearless as a lion! What more do you want?'

'But what language am I to talk to these people?'

'You 'll learn to understand them in a few days. And they understand your Spanish, anyway.'

'Tell me something of their condition — '

'Their condition is here!' — he struck himself on the bosom — 'here, my dear friend!'

The ancient and formerly magnificent municipal building has squeaky and shaking stairs. The ceiling of the large hall bulges ominously; cobwebs hang everywhere. The portraits of the heroes of Mexico's independence are covered with a ten-year layer of dust. The library consists of books sent here by the Ministry of Education: Plato, Julius Cæsar's *De Bello Gallico*, Karl Marx's *Capital*, Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, *Don Quixote*. . . .

Upon long benches in front of my desk sit people of chocolate complexions and Mongolian features, in white shirts and *calzones*. They speak all at once in high-pitched, childish voices, in a strange language that sounds to me like Chinese. '*Kema h'kat tsin!*' I hear every now and then, and learn that this means approval. The members of the Municipal Council smoke and incessantly spit on the floor. The President, Don Panchito, spits blood.

On the whole Ueuetepetl is a well-to-do town, although — this is one of my most vivid remembrances — the municipal treasury on my arrival contained exactly sixty-two centavos. Ueuetepetl never boasted big landowners, but it used to have a bank. After the revolution, however, the town rapidly declined. For eight years almost every week saw a new invasion by revolutionary generals, who pillaged and terrorized the people. Only during the last three years, since President Obregón inaugurated an era of peace, has life begun to resume its normal aspect. The people of this secluded corner of the country have always been peaceful. The division of the land in 1917 took place without disturbances, and private property has been respected. The neighboring Indians are so well off that it is hard to get hired workers.

They till the soil, but even the simplest wooden plough is unknown to them. They merely scratch the earth with a pointed implement, and yet it bears four crops of maize yearly. Only nine miles away is a village inhabited entirely by whites, where modern tractors are used, and there are wonderful orchards; but this example is lost on the people of Ueuetepetl. They stick to their antiquated spades and their maize; and the Government, to enlighten them,

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sends the works of Plato to their municipal library!

The Indians use pine torches for lighting; but the people de razón have tallow candles. The streets are wrapped in utter darkness every night when there is no moon. Six or seven miles away is a waterfall a thousand feet high, long since granted to an American company by our municipality. The period for which the grant was made is stipulated to be 'undefined.' These Americans have found silver ore at that point and are working it with modern machinery. They have even connected their mines with the main line of railway. And they have managed to get out of any obligation toward the town, which does not receive a cent of taxes from the company. Indeed the latter does not even allow the town electric current for lighting.

I am given to understand that it is my duty to restore the finances of the municipality to their prerevolutionary level; to have 'the centre' of Ueuetepetl put in good repair; to collect back taxes; to organize the police; to obtain a loan from the State Government for road improvements; to establish a regular court procedure — for the elected judges are only able, with great pains, to sign their names; and to reopen the schools, which have been closed since 1915.

Elaborate Government decrees arrive by each mail. They are brought by our postboy, who trots on foot about eighteen miles, mostly uphill, to bring them. And sixty-two centavos in the treasury!

Our police force consists of seven Indians elected by the people for one year and called *mayores*. They are paid nothing for their services. They do not know a word of Spanish, are chronically drunk, and can be distinguished from the rest of the people only by the wooden staffs they carry. They do not know how to handle firearms, and run away when they hear shooting. Even if they knew how to shoot, nobody would trust them with firearms. I began by offering to pay them if they would learn to drill like soldiers; but they refused on the ground that if they learned to drill and were paid for it, I might require them to fulfill their duties — and who knows, I might forbid them to get drunk! That would not do at all.

But the villagers insisted that I carry out the whole programme they proposed; and first of all — what gratified me most — that I reopen the schools!

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A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CAT-BURGLAR

BY KENNETH HARE

From *Discovery, January*
(London Popular-Science Monthly)

[The depredations of a mysterious 'cat-burglar' are just at present occupying the London press, and have suggested the following account of one of his predecessors. Three separate biographies of Sadler, the picturesque criminal here described, including his confession at the time of his execution at Tyburn in 1674, were published in London in 1677.]

There is abundant evidence to prove that the gentleman highwayman of the type immortalized by Gay in *Polly* and *The Beggar's Opera*, had his counterpart in real life. 'Jemmy' MacClean — who robbed the old Earl of Eglinton of the blunderbuss with which he had proposed to defend his coach and person — was a member of 'Button's,' the coffee-house patronized by Dean Swift and Pope the poet. Duval's popularity with women was due not only to his being what was called 'a pretty fellow,' but in great measure also to fine manners and address. Jackson, hanged in 1674, gives the near date of his approaching execution as his reason for not rewriting his confessions, and apologizes to the reader for the enforced deficiencies of his prose-style!

But Joseph Sadler was none of your highbrow bandits, neither was he a fine gentleman. The principles implied in the phrase 'noblesse oblige' were such as he may be pardoned for not having taken more deeply to heart, for his birth, so Sir Roger Lestrange informs us, was 'so obscure that we are beholden to natural philosophy to know that ever he had a father.' Nor could the niceties of English prose affect his tranquillity, for he was as innocent of the alphabet as he was of Homer.

And yet he had a style, there was a *manner* about the rogue, he committed his depredations with an *air*. He stole the beaver hat of a gentleman whom he observed praying in the Temple Church, and pleaded in extenuation that we are enjoined 'to watch as well as pray.'

He was as cowardly as Shakespeare's Autolycus, and like him, prone to improve a situation. Having robbed an apple woman of four pounds — her day's takings at Covent Garden — he produced a coil of rope and proceeded to make her secure. He tied her to a gibbet on which a malefactor was hanging in chains, observing politely, 'I would not leave a lady without company when night is coming on.' A discreditable job — but done in the Sadler manner!

In his youth our adventurer had been a bricklayer, a calling which he followed with probity if without enthusiasm. A romantic passion caused him to change his mode of life. Love, despite romancers, does not invariably inspire to high idealism and heroic endeavor. The young lady was fair, but she was likewise a pickpocket, and she persuaded Romeo to adopt her own profession, to augment his salary and maintain her in the luxury to which she had been accustomed.

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His lack of physical courage was more than compensated for by his ready wit. Of this, the following example will serve as well as another. He let himself down into a rich citizen's house by way of the chimney, but here all analogy with Santa Claus ends, for he found so much more to take away than ever he brought with him, that to ascend proved a feat beyond his powers. He tiptoed downstairs into the hall, but his cautious testing of the front door produced disconcerting results. 'The whole house rang with the lamentable cry, "Thieves! Thieves!"'

Clearly there was no time to be lost. He marched upstairs again, but heard footsteps approaching from all quarters. Catching a sheet from a chest of drawers, he draped himself with it after the best manner of the turnip ghost and, opening a door, marched almost into the arms of the master of the house who, with a drawn cutlass in his right hand and a cocked pistol in his left, stood prepared to give the interloper a warm reception. Sadler was equal to the occasion. He bent upon the householder one stony regard, and the poor wretch threw away his weapons, dropped upon his knees, and fell to prayers. The sprite stalked with dignity to the window, opened it, knotted a corner of the sheet to the balcony railings, slid down in the dark, and rushed off with the booty. What an actor the fellow must have been!

Here is another example of his extreme ingenuity. He determined to obtain some plate from a goldsmith's window, and thus he set about it. Dressing himself out in his finest array, he paid a call upon a fashionable physician who specialized in lunacy, desiring him to examine a young relation of his who had become mentally unbalanced. He proceeded to symptoms. Sadler's young relation, though exceptionally well-to-do, had taken to dressing not according to his rank, but meanly — you might take him for a 'prentice boy. Avarice, Sadler opined, was the root of the trouble. The sufferer had much valuable plate which he was in dread of having stolen, and he was forever demanding of all whom he encountered if they had not had it.

The doctor undertook the case and a fee of twenty guineas was agreed to, payable upon cure. But at this juncture Sadler raised a further difficulty. The young kinsman was a bore, a terrible bore if the truth must be told, and Sadler never knew how to be quit of his company. Might he leave the patient a moment at the front door, and make his own escape some other way? He might? By the back door? The doctor was too good! These preliminaries adjusted, and the hour for the appointment being agreed upon for that morning, away walked Sadler at a good swinging pace towards the goldsmith's shop.

He entered, made a remark or two about the weather, and introduced himself as the best friend of the dear old doctor — whose credit, as he had previously ascertained, was excellent. The dear old doctor desired to set up a cupboard of plate, but was too busy to step round in person, you know. He had given Sadler 'carte blanche' to choose the platters and goblets for him. Having made a liberal selection, he requested that the goldsmith's 'prentice might be sent round with it, and he promised himself to accompany the lad lest the possession of goods of such value might incite him to some dishonest action.

All was working out beyond expectations. The goldsmith agreed to this wise precaution and away went the pair to the doctor's house, where they arrived at the hour of the appointment — Sadler carrying the parcel that contained the plate. He rapped at the

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great polished knocker, entered first, entreated the physician to neglect no pains to ameliorate the unhappy lad's condition, and then took his departure, as arranged, by the back door.

Having obsequiously ushered him out, the man of science returned to survey and take stock of the patient. He would not use force at first. He adopted his best bedside manner, and in a tone of blandishment he cried, 'Come in, Sweetheart,' — a term then equally applicable to both sexes — 'Come in!'

'Have you had the plate, Master?' asked the luckless youth. A sinister beginning, and one which confirmed the doctor's worst fears. And yet what else could he have said? Sadler had been carrying the costly parcel and Sadler had vanished.

But this solicitude with regard to the plate, which the doctor, of course, had never seen, exactly corroborated the version which Sadler had given of his 'kinsman's' symptoms. The personal slovenliness, which likewise Sadler had foretold, was no less apparent. This rich young fellow, so far from vying with the brilliant Sadler in splendor of apparel, looked for all the world like a 'prentice to some tradesman. In those merry old days the tactics of even fashionable doctors when confronted with lunatics were hearty and bluff. The physician summoned to his aid two burly footmen and, discarding the bedside manner, fell upon 'Sweetheart,' bound him stoutly with cords, deposited him in a dark room, and bled him.

And Sadler? One pictures him striding off with much apparent ease of manner. A ballad air trolls lightly from his lips: 'Love's a Sweet Passion,' or perhaps, 'Fond Boy.'

Many were the frolicsome frauds perpetrated by this English Eulenspiegel. His crowning achievement was his theft of the Purse and Mace of the Lord High Chancellor of England. How he discovered in what strongroom they were secured never transpired, but he not only had these baubles from their lurking-place, but marched with them, publicly displayed, through Lincoln's Inn Fields. One confederate bore the Purse before him, the other the Mace, and Sadler brought up the rear, hat cocked and arms akimbo, with an 'insolent and strutting grandeur.'

The theft was discovered by the little daughter of Sadler's landlady. She was playing in his apartment during the great housebreaker's absence when she discovered a pearl and a piece of tinsel upon the carpet. Anxious to know if there were any more of these pretty playthings concealed about the room, she succeeded in prizing open the cupboard door, and her surprise well-nigh equaled that of Bluebeard's wife when she peeped into the famous Blue Closet. 'Mother! Mother! come up here!' cried the child. 'The gentleman has His Majesty's crown!' What she beheld, in point of fact, was the coronet of the Mace detached from its stock. The landlady warned the watch and an ambush was laid.

Sadler's physical courage was never above proof. No wounds were given or received, no horses shot under him. Hoping by mild behavior to mollify his judges, he simply 'gave himself away gratis,' like Sir John Colville in the play. Loud was the laughter when the facts became known and when Sadler confessed to having figured as the Lord High Chancellor in that extraordinary harlequinade in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Loud was the laughter, but poor Sadler was condemned to death in sober earnest. It is hard for a jester to be taken quite so seriously. On hearing the decision of the court he flung his hat one way, his wig another,

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and behaved like one utterly beside his five wits. How he must have cursed in his heart the false Delilah who first lured him from the fatigues of honest bricklaying!

In Newgate, however, he plucked up heart again, and grew to be tolerably at home, and if familiarity could ever have bred contempt of that forbidding old pile it must have done so in Sadler's case, for he had been there fourteen times before! In prison he 'betook himself mightily to drinking of sack' — a solace which in our day would have been denied him.

The last glimpse we have of him shows his humor to have been ingrained, to have endured wind and weather, but one must visualize the scene to relish the joke. Those were the days when society was a caste and a certain halo of mystery and removedness still clung about the great nobleman. A peer held levees when all sorts of folk would solicit his patronage and when he would deal with requests, begging letters, petitions, and the like.

A turnkey entering his cell informed Sadler that the chaplain was waiting outside and desired to pray with him. Our rogue, affecting to regard the turnkey as an importunate lackey, motioned him back and, clasping his rummer of sack in his horny hand and mimicking the haughty languor of some weary magnifico, observed drily: 'The parson must wait till I have drunk my glass out.'

What figure would Sadler have cut had he been born in the twentieth century? He would have received at least the elements of education. Would he have composed a picaresque novel, a melodrama, detective stories? Would he have shone as a cinema star or have appeared 'on the halls' in the rôle of mimic, or back-chat comedian? Or again, would he just have been to-day what he was in his own day, a humorous rogue? The last, let us hope. Our criminals of late have been sadly deficient in vivacity and the lighter graces.

THE ROGUE'S PROGESSION THROUGH LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

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THE TEMPLE OF DUTIFUL WIDOWHOOD

BY P. SHKURKIN

From *Kitaiskia Legendy*, a personal collection of Chinese and Central-Asiatic Legends

THERE is a small town called Nu-Chuan in Southern Manchuria, on the river Lao-Ho. Of its numerous temples the most revered is Tse-Siao-sy, built not very long ago. Like all temples whose names end in *sy*, it is not dedicated to a deity, but to the memory of a heroine who lived in recent times and is not yet raised to the rank of a protecting spirit.

The name Tse-Siao-sy means 'Temple of Dutiful Widowhood.' It contains eleven statues of young boys kneeling before the deities of the temple, and the watchman — for the 'sy' temples do not have priests — will gladly tell you the story of the following incident, which happened about the year 1900, and is, of course, remembered and borne out by many living witnesses among the townspeople.

During the so-called Boxer rebellion a ramshakle hut stood on the site of the present temple; the mud wall around it was in ruins, and no outbuildings remained, for they had been burned for fuel. The two square windows of the *anza* were covered with oiled paper, torn in many places, and inside you could see nothing but a bare sleeping-bench, a black table, a stool, and a cracked bowl. Nothing else — not even the usual trunk of every Chinese household! Evidently the people who lived in the fanza were very poor.

The fanza belonged to an old, destitute woman, who lived with her young widowed daughter-in-law. They had long sold every valuable that remained after the death of the young woman's husband, and could not earn enough by going out to work by the day to support themselves. There is n't much work to be found in a small Chinese town. Rich people have their servants; poor people have their work done by members of the family. To crown their misfortunes, the two widows had no relatives except in distant Shantung.

And so the old woman began to beg the young one to marry again. The young widow, however, would not listen.

'Mother,' she said, 'how can you ask such a thing of me? How could I thus disgrace the memory of my dear husband and your own son!'

'Dear daughter!' answered the old woman, 'I understand; but what shall we do if we have nothing to eat? You are young and may survive; but do you wish to see me starve to death?'

The poor young woman wept bitterly and did not know what to do. Loyalty to the memory of a deceased husband is a high virtue in China, and it seemed a disgrace to her to sacrifice her widowhood; on the other hand, *siao*, or respect for her mother-in-law, who took the place of her own mother, bade her submit to the old woman's will.

A time came when they had nothing to eat for two days; and the young widow could not bear the old woman's tears any longer, and consented to marry whomsoever her mother-in-law found for her.

'Oh, I already have a good man for your future husband,' said the overjoyed old woman, and departed hurriedly.

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In an hour's time she returned bringing a man about thirty years of age, in shabby clothes, and rather rough of manner, but with kind eyes. He was a carpenter, a good worker, and the young woman had seen him twice before in her life.

When the customary greetings had been exchanged, the carpenter began at once to talk about the business in hand; for all of them were very poor people and could not afford all the prescribed formalities: sending go-betweens, presents, and what not. He could waste no time, for the next morning he must go to work at the usual early hour.

'Your honorable mother has told me,' he said, 'that you are willing to marry me. I have already paid her one hundred and fifty diao — I greatly regret that it was so little, but I had no more to give. Are you willing to be the mistress of my house?'

The young woman wept. She knew that the carpenter was an industrious worker; but she also knew that he was a widower, that his recently deceased wife had left two little boys and a girl born only five months before. But the carpenter's eyes and voice were kind; and besides, she had no longer any choice. She wiped her eyes and said: —

'So you have already paid mother for me. I cannot disobey her wishes.'

Since bridegroom and bride were both widowed people, and three hungry children were waiting for their supper at the carpenter's house, they simplified their wedding ceremony to the utmost: the carpenter took his bride's small bundle and led her home. The marriage was concluded.

The old woman remained alone in her cold and empty fanza, and not until then did she realize how much her daughter-in-law had meant to her.

'How can I live without you,' she mourned, 'my obedient, kind daughter! Why did I bid you leave me? What good will this money do me now?

She thrust the package with the hundred and fifty diao into a crack in the wall, lay down, and lamented and wept until sleep closed her eyes in the early hours of the morning.

Another fanza stood close by the old woman's home. It was a schoolhouse. Usually in China neighboring properties are entirely separated from each other by high clay walls. But the wall of the old woman was crumbling to pieces, and the inquisitive schoolboys used the opportunity to spy out all that went on in her house. They saw the lonely mother-in-law put away her money, and as soon as the schoolteacher was engaged elsewhere a quick-witted, mischievous boy had a wicked thought: —

'Would n't it be fun to take that money?' he asked his companions.

The boys partially seconded him in chorus. Only one lad, by the name of Bai, protested.

'Look here, Chang, and you all: you 've forgotten the rules. What you propose to do is stealing.'

Some of the younger ones hesitated. But Chang struck Bai on the head and said: —

'You 're a dunce. The old woman said — we heard it ourselves — that she did not need the money. So we can take it. Have you thought of all the pears and preserved hawthorn berries, and lotus seeds, and cookies we can buy with it?'

The temptation was too strong. Bai protested, but they silenced him with threats, and the crime was committed.

The old woman awoke next morning. The happenings of the day before had faded in her memory, and she was surprised at not hearing her daughter's

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soft voice near her. Then she remembered all, and her heart sank when she thought that now she was all alone in the world.

'But then,' she thought, 'I have the money. For a few months, at least, I can keep from starving. Now I 'll have to hurry and buy something to treat my daughter and her husband when they pay me the ceremonial visit. The house is empty — I must run along and get at least some *siao-mi-tsy* and a little pork. How much money shall I take for it? Five diao will do.'

She dressed hastily and stood up on the *kan* — the sleeping-bench — to get the money she had tucked away into the crack the day before.

The money was not there. It must have fallen down on the kan, of course. She searched the kan and the rags that served her as bedding. The money was not to be found. She searched the whole fanza, looking into every crack and fissure, of which there were so many. Not a trace of the treasure.

'Oh, I am the most unfortunate of women! Abandoned by all, robbed by spirits, — for there were no people in the house, — disgraced for life! I can live no longer!'

The old woman climbed up on the kan, swung her belt over a rafter, put a noose around her neck — and jumped down.

Noontime came. The carpenter's young wife, who had risen early and cooked a meal for her husband and his children, was waiting for him to come back from the market where he had gone to buy the customary presents for his mother-in-law — a new dress, and a silver ring, bracelet, and hairpin, that were to be presented to her to-day. To be sure, the carpenter had now spent all he had saved by years of hard labor; but he did not regret it. He saw that he had now a good, kind wife who would take care of his children. 'And money — what does that matter in the end?' he thought. 'I 'll save that much again.'

'Well, wife,' he said, stepping across the threshold, 'we cannot go to see your mother together. Go first, and I 'll stay to watch the children. When you come back, I 'll go.'

The young woman obeyed, took the presents, and went to her old home.

'What is the old mother doing alone?' she thought while she walked. 'Surely she must be very lonely and unhappy. Nobody to take care of her any longer! To be sure, as soon as we can hire a larger house, with a kan big enough for the whole family, I shall ask my husband to take her to live with us!'

She came to the old fanza; but the door was closed, and nobody met her to bid her welcome as the custom required. She entered — O horror! A long dark body hung from the ceiling.

With a wild scream she threw herself down, embracing the feet of the old woman.

'Mother,' she cried, 'forgive me. I see now that you only thought of my welfare. You did not wish to see me beg, but you could not live without me. And I, the ungrateful, thought only of myself! I failed to devote my life to your old age, and left you for a new husband! No, mother, you shall not stay alone. I know my duty now: I shall meet you *there* and take care of you always!'

And the frantic young woman hanged herself beside her mother-in-law.

Two hours passed. The carpenter waited for his wife patiently. What could have happened to her? She knew that he ought to go to work soon, and also that he had to pay the ceremonial visit to-day, for if he postponed it he would lose face forever. And no dinner cooked for the children!

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He thought for a long time, and finally, telling his oldest boy to watch the babies, hurried to the old woman's fanza. The crumbling hut greeted him sullenly. The door was open, but all was still, and no one met him. He entered — and the scene that he beheld struck him like a thunderbolt.

Silently he sat down on the kan and stared for a long time at the two hanging bodies of which one was only a few hours ago his obedient and kind wife, whom he expected to be the sure foundation of a new family hearth.

'And so,' he thought, 'now I have neither money nor wife. If I had only refrained from mixing with these two women's affairs, both would have been living now. That means that I am at fault, though I did not intentionally do wrong. Probably some sin I committed *there*, in a previous life, prevents me from securing happiness. Those are things you cannot resist, and I shall not try to.'

The carpenter rose slowly, made a noose from his belt, and hanged himself beside his wife.

The schoolboys saw it all, and knew what was going on in the miserable hut next door. Terror seized them as they saw first one, then two, and finally three dead bodies swinging under the neighboring roof. They knew that if only one of the three souls that each person possesses clings for a time to the body it has tenanted — and how much more it would cling to the body of a suicide! — its revenge is sure to overtake the guilty.

The teacher finally noticed that the boys were extremely worried. He began to ask questions, and made one boy take him to the neighboring fanza.

The authorities were notified. An investigation took place. The case seemed somewhat unusual, but very clear nevertheless: obviously, the old woman had hanged herself because unable to bear her loneliness and poverty; the young woman committed suicide because she felt her indirect responsibility for her mother-in-law's act; and the husband willingly left this world because he considered himself the cause of these two deaths. The case was one of great beauty and propriety according to Chinese ethics. The local high official instantly sent for the carpenter's children and adopted them; and on the same day he sent a detailed report to the Governor, asking him to submit the case to the Son of Heaven himself, and to secure permission to build a shrine in honor of 'the three faithful to their duty.'

That night the schoolboys next to the old woman's fanza could not sleep. The air was close and heavy; the teacher himself was restless.

Suddenly a terrific clap of thunder rent the atmosphere. It seemed to the boys as if thousands of cannon were bombarding the poor little schoolhouse. The tempest unchained its fury over their very heads and refused to give them respite. Fiery serpents writhed in the sky incessantly.

The teacher stepped out to see whether the horizon was not clearing up — and instantly the thunder subsided. But as soon as he returned indoors the storm was as terrific as before. Soon he stepped out again, and again the thunder stopped — only to renew its force when he returned to the house. Then the old teacher understood that the thing was not as simple as he thought. He bade all of the boys rise, and said: —

'One of us has committed a crime, and Shang-Dan Nian-Nian, the goddess of lightning, who holds a glittering mirror in either hand, wants us to appear before her. Let us all step out into the yard, so as to show her that none of us is afraid of her wrath!'

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The boys, trembling with fear, stepped out of the schoolhouse — all except one, who hid in a corner, weeping and begging to be left alone. It was Bai. The astonished teacher questioned him, and the boy said: —

'I am the great criminal. I knew that the boys were going to steal the old woman's money, and I tried to dissuade them, but did not succeed. It means that I am at fault, and the goddess wants to punish me!'

'But if you are guilty the gods will find you anyway. Cheng-Huang, the protector of our city, will accuse you, and Pang-Guan, the celestial judge, will inflict the punishment upon you. You cannot hide from them. Why, then, do you want to expose the others to divine wrath at this moment, without sharing it?'

Bai wept bitterly, but obeyed. But as soon as he and the teacher stepped out a frightful thunderbolt deafened them and flung them far aside. When they recovered consciousness they saw the bodies of the eleven other pupils lifeless upon the ground. The storm subsided. There was a stifling odor of sulphur in the air.

The local chief saw himself in duty bound to write an additional report to the governor. Soon an edict came back from Peking ordering a temple built where a mere shrine had been at first intended. And that is how Tse-Siao-sy, the 'Temple of Dutiful Widowhood,' came to be erected.

MEMORIES OF A CATHEDRAL CHILDHOOD

BY HUGH WALPOLE

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, December* 13, 20
(London Popular Journal)

It has happened that I have spent all my youth under the shadow of English cathedrals. English cathedrals are the sport and plaything of men like Frank Harris and his kind — men who detest English tradition and think it stuffy, reactionary, and snobbish. In some ways they are right; there is no snobbery, I firmly believe, quite so stuffy and reactionary as the snobbery of the élite of English cathedral life. And this I say with a full consciousness of men like Canon B——, Bishop W——, Archdeacon Salt, men whom I have known, beneath whose shadows, so to speak, I have grown up, saints of God, men of marvelous purity of life and thought. But such men as these have not been of the cathedral sets at all, they have been childlike men, leading lives that were half-lost in a mist of faith and hope and charity — 'the men like little children' whom Christ said we were to be.

My first cathedral was the Cathedral of Truro in the county of Cornwall, and this is the one that I shall always love most in my heart, although it is neither the oldest nor the most beautiful — it is, in fact, nearly the youngest of all the English cathedrals, my father being its first precentor. It was when he was precentor there under Benson, its first bishop, that he met my mother, who

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was a Cornish lady, Barham by name, Foster and Carlyon by family, so that on my mother's side I am related to almost every family in the South Country.

I was only six years old when I was brought from New Zealand, where I was born, to Truro. That is thirty-four years ago, and it may be only romantic memory that forces me to fancy that my aunts, so quiet and so dignified, my cousins, so pretty, my uncle, the archdeacon, a little like Mr. Pickwick, and all the others, lived in a world far more sweetly colored and sweetly toned than the world of to-day. Not more interesting. Not nearly *as* interesting — but the telephone and the halfpenny illustrated paper and the cinematograph have brought China and Peru to the very doors of the sleepiest, quietest little towns in England. Have they gained or lost by the change? The question has been asked a hundred million times in the last few years. It is platitudinous indeed to ask it. But something at any rate has gone from the world that the world will never see again. That is certain.

I lived with an aunt in Truro for several years, and had nothing but love and kindness and charity. I go back now to Truro whenever I have an opportunity. It is, with the country that surrounds it, the spot I love most in the world, save only London. It is one of those English towns into which the country lanes are forever breaking, where the river is lazy and fringed all the way to the sea with deep purple-shadowed woods. The lanes are thicker with primroses than any other lanes in the world; the biscuits are sweeter, the bells softer, the knockers on the doors brighter, the canon's smiles broader, the animals' noises on market day more vociferous, the rooks in the elms more tempestuous, the sun hotter, the old maids kinder, the puppies and kittens and babies really young for a longer time, the gardens more shady, the circulating-libraries more behind the times, the midday siesta more thorough, than in any other town in England.

I at least will always believe so, whatever anyone else may say.

My second cathedral was Canterbury. I went to school in Canterbury, and I lived there for several years with my godfather, who was a canon of the cathedral. I was very happy there, both at school and with my godfather. I remember very little of my years there — I was recovering, I suppose, from my years at S——. I remember a great mulberry tree in my godfather's red-walled garden that, unlike most mulberry trees of my acquaintance, actually bore fruit. I remember reading Fielding right through in a strange glazed set of his works with gold tops that was in my godfather's library. I remember, too, an awful day when I was discovered with *Tom Jones*.

The book was taken from me, and I was told that I must not read it until I was grown up. . . . I had finished the book by the time it was taken from me, and I remember feeling confused and bewildered. For the first time I was aware that there were things in life that one must not know until 'one was grown up.' But *what* things? For the first time a great curiosity sprang up in me and I watched grown-ups with eager interest. I had absolute faith in their wisdom and knowledge, but now they were not only wise and learned, but mysterious — another order of beings. And that sense of the marvelous superior mystery in my elders continued until long after I was grown up — continued, in fact, until the war and the persons who 'managed' the war killed it once and forever.

It was in Canterbury, too, that I first felt afraid of what a cathedral could be. I went one winter half-holi-

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day to an afternoon service. It was snowing heavily outside, and I sat in the back of the nave and felt warm and cozy. I suppose that I fell asleep; in any case I woke suddenly to find the cathedral lit by a kind of ghostly whiteness, some shadow perhaps from the falling snow, or caused by my imagination. Not a soul seemed to be about, the pillars of the nave hung, gigantic, above me, and there seemed to be whispers on every side.

I walked a few paces down the horrible echoing nave, and then I ran. In my confusion I could not find the opening to the great west door, and stood there fumbling in the half-darkness, my heart clapping like a muffled bell. It seemed to me then that the church was full of creatures. What kind of creatures I did not dare to turn my head and see. I could hear their voices, could see them pressing one against the other down the nave — the creatures of the cathedral, so much more real than the people who sat in rows down the nave on a Sunday morning. When at last I found the handle, turned it, and was out safely in the precincts, I was three-quarters dead with terror!

It was from that moment I think that I began to be sure that cathedrals had lives of their own and very often wicked lives too! The first impulse to that was given me, perhaps, by Dickens's *Edwin Drood*, so impressive a book because no one knows its end — but I shall never now lose the belief that cathedrals have a contempt for the 'human beings' who worship in them, or, so often to-day, pretend to worship in them.

However that may be, and I have certainly Victor Hugo and Huysmans behind me in my superstition, it was not until I went to Durham that I really learned anything about English cathedral towns. I lived for seven years in Durham, going to the school there as a day boy. My father was head of a college for training schoolmasters, and we lived in a house tacked on to the great ugly main building rather as an underpaid governess is tacked on to a large overpopulated family. The college stood on a hill, and a weedy, neglected, tumbled garden ran from it down to the river.

Everything about our house and that garden seemed to me odious, and I grew up, through those seven years, discontented, ugly, abnormally sensitive, and excessively conceited. I have often enough been called conceited since then, but I am beautiful humility itself to-day compared with myself in that Durham town. No one liked me — not master, boys, friends of the family, nor relations who came to stay; and I do not in the least wonder at it. I was untidy, uncleanly, excessively gauche. I believed that I was profoundly misunderstood, that people took my pale and pimpled countenance for the mirror of my soul, that I had marvelous things of genius in me that would one day be discovered.

I believed indeed profoundly in my dreams. I wrote endless historical romances filled with countless figures; I read innumerable novels, going to the old, deserted town-library and burrowing in the dusty shelves, finding, when Fielding and Dickens and Scott and Jane Austen were wrung dry, long-forgotten stories by Bage and Holcroft and Miss Ferrier and Mrs. Radcliffe and Maturin — reading myself sick with them all.

I must have gone a little mad at that time. I think and see myself now in retrospect as a sort of 'Mariana in the Moated Grange,' dusty, disheveled, creeping away from school as early as possible to rush to the town library, seize three grubby volumes, hurry home by deserted streets, bury myself in the tangled garden were it fine

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enough, or hide myself in my bedroom from the wet and the cold.

In vain, at school, masters tried to drive some order and method into my muddled, novel-confused head. I could learn nothing accurately, nothing at any rate that they wanted me to learn. Had they asked me for the plot of *Hermsprong*, or a list of the characters in the *Waverley Novels*, I would have astonished them with my talents. Instead they demanded from me Greek accents and algebraic roots. I know that they hated the very sight of my long, bony (I was thin in those days), complaining body.

Behind all this the cathedral hung like a disapproving, snobbish, rich relation. I fancied (and I think with some justice) that the cathedral set despised the Walpole family, who were connected with incipient schoolmasters instead of rotund and elegant canons. I know that we gave one Christmas, in our poor-relation of a house, a dance for the children of the Upper Ten; and a dreadful failure (at least to my morbid imagination) it was! All the little daughters of the canons seemed to me to go about with their noses in the air, criticizing all our arrangements, our coffee cups, our ices, and our little festive decorations. I adored my father and mother, and was proud as I could be of everything that they did. I longed to pull the hair of the little girls and kick the posteriors of the elegant little boys. Our party was a failure, and I would have burned the town down if I could!

The world of my novels became during this time so real to me that the world of school and cathedral and family faded into thin air. I remember once, when a stout, overgrown boy was trying to command me to do something or other and I refused, that he threatened me with some dire penalty, and I, sticking my chin in the air, replied: 'Rot! You can't do anything! You 're not real!' A silly enough remark, but I so obviously believed it that it struck him considerably and he walked away, puzzled about himself, metaphorically pinching himself to see whether he were there!

I was so crazy at this time that, for hours together, I played an absurd game on a small bagatelle-board, pitting authors against one another! Walter Scott would play Dickens; and Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James; and I would solemnly put the scores down on a slip of paper and add them up at the end of the week.

I burst out in the middle of the family meal one day with the remark that Hazlitt was improving and would probably, if he played well on Friday and Saturday, beat Congreve in the month's total! When I should have been struggling through a line of Æschylus I was wondering whether, with a little cheating, I could push Walter Scott to the head of the list. I hurried down early in the morning before breakfast to finish a game, and how great was my joy when a cold kept me at home and I had a whole day of literary bagatelle in front of me!

All this time I was writing, writing, writing. *Amado the Fearless*, *Charles the Bold*, *The Trump of the Grave*, *In the Name of the King*, *The Doom of the Halberts* — all of them historical romances. Mine was the true artist's impulse then, pure and undefiled! No one read my stories. I had no hope of gain for them. I wrote simply because I could not help myself. Two or three years ago, when it was the fashion to publish juvenile efforts, I opened a drawer and searched through my romances. They were of a desperate badness that makes my cheek pale now when I think of them. No merit of originality or form or narrative to

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be found in any of them anywhere, and yet I may say with truth that I was far prouder of them than I have been of any of my eternally disappointing later works!

Behind all this romantic nonsense the cathedral's shadow hung. My childish belief that cathedrals had their own secret and mysterious life was confirmed forever during these years. Durham's is, I suppose, one of the world's most beautiful works. Hanging high in air, perfectly proportioned, pearl-shadowed and sky-defended, it is enough for anyone's romantic dreams. And yet, romantic though my mind was, it was the sinister revengeful spirit of the thing that I seemed most strongly to feel. Built originally for the worship of God, it appeared to me to have become pagan and heretic through its history of blood and crime — yes, and still more through the mosaic of small intrigues, plots and meannesses that through the years had encrusted it.

It had for the most part developed only the worst and most sordid and cynical side of human character, and was glad of it. I can still hear the rustle of the silk dresses of some of the ladies of the cathedral set as they walked out, very ostentatiously, before the sermon of some canon whom they personally disliked. Everybody disliked someone; everyone was intriguing against someone else. When a saint like Bishop Westcott preached I felt that the spirit of the cathedral hated that so good and perfect a man should have his place there. There were many good men, splendid and devout women, who served there at one time or another and worshiped God, but the cathedral threw them out when it could.

There was one day when, in the middle of the morning Sunday service, a madman rushed up the nave, stood on the steps of the choir, and shouted that the cathedral was cursed and would suffer a judgment. As he passed our seat, hustled away by the indignant vergers, I caught a glimpse of his face, satisfied and happy at his protest. He seemed to me less mad than anyone else in the place.

What I needed, of course, was plenty of cold baths, an enthusiasm for football and cricket, and someone to take the conceit out of me. I had my baths and, just at the end of my time, a sudden passion for Rugby football did a lot for me. And my conceit has in later years been on many occasions assaulted. But that was a queer time; and whenever now I meet a hobbledehoy pimply boy, with boots too large and a lost and bewildered air, I feel a deep sympathy for him that would, I know, insult him were I to suggest it.

The worst of it was that during all those seven years I learned nothing whatever. I do not wish here to attack our English public-school system that has been often enough attacked in the last few years. I simply repeat the statement that I learned nothing of any sort or kind. I am therefore to-day one of the most ignorant human beings in the world. . . .

The English are, I suppose, the most unimaginative race in the whole world, and that is one of the reasons why they are at the same time so great and so irritating a people. Our self-satisfaction comes not so much from the pride attributed to us by foreigners as from a national inability to imagine the virtues of qualities that we do not possess. The masters at Durham School during my time were perhaps as unimaginative a group of men as were to be found in the whole of Europe. Honest, courageous, upright, neither mean nor intriguing, they did not afford the studies for the figures in *The Gods and Mr. Perrin*. But they

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simply believed in doing things as they had always been done. . . .

In fact, during those years I did not wonder. I took my home and my family for granted, my discontent and unpopularity for granted, and, above all, my religion for granted. I was to be a clergyman when I grew up — that was settled. My only two anxieties were whether I should ever be clever enough to pass those examinations that make one a clergyman, and, secondly, if I did pass them, whether I should have time among my clerical duties for the writing of stories. My religion, too, was settled. When I was nineteen years of age I still saw quite clearly in my mind's eye God, exactly like the Bible pictures of Moses, with a long beard and dressed in a kind of nightgown, sitting on a hummocky, billowy cloud, listening jealously for any sins committed by me. Behind him, and coexistent with him, there was a kind of Olympia White City with streets of gold, jeweled doors, crowds of angels, and Jesus Christ on a throne in a wide open courtyard. He was, in my mind, very kindly and understanding as contrasted with the ill-tempered Jehovah on the cloud outside, and when I had done something wrong I in a sort of way managed to slip past the hummocky cloud and put my case to Jesus and feel, at once, that I was understood. Indeed the one thing of real value that I got from these unhappy years was a sense of the living beauty and wonder and wisdom of Christ's character. I got it in the main, I think, from an old drunken Scotch gardener whom we had for a time who, in the middle of the most awful indecencies and obscenities, would suddenly, his dirty old hat cocked on one side of his head, his grimy finger pointing, begin to talk of Jesus Christ as though he were just round the corner and might at any moment appear in our disheveled garden and take pity on our barren and sterile little orchard. 'Don't you heed what they tell you, laddie,' I can hear him saying to me now. 'The Lord Jesus is a sight kinder than the clergy make Him out to be — and He 'll come and have a drink with you any time you ask Him.' . . .

Wonder was always just round the corner, and although I was uncouth, awkward, selfish, and conceited, I loved my family, tried to obey orders, recognized my muddle-headedness and general messiness of mind.

Those years, twelve to eighteen, are the hardest in life perhaps for all boys who are not quite of the normal build. In these days, with our Freuds and our Jungs and now our Coués, we pay so much more attention to individuality than even ten years ago we did. We are in danger now perhaps of overdoing it. I don't know. Everyone must have his or her growing-time, and a painful time it must be. That cheery proclamation of octogenarians: 'Ah, there 's no time like youth!' is one of the falsest things in the world. I can say now at forty that every year of my life has been happier than the last. I have a friend of sixty-three who says that the time between sixty and seventy is marvelous, and I have another friend of seventy-eight who says that he never knew what real happiness was until he was over seventy; but I have heard very few defend the years between twelve and eighteen.

Most of my unhappiness at that time was my own fault, but I did n't know how to change it. I only knew that I was awkward and in the way, like a young calf who has strayed into a ladies' tea-party.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH RODIN

BY ERNA FRANK

From *Vossische Zeitung, November* 29
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

[The following paragraphs are extracts from conversations with Auguste Rodin which his friend, Dujardin-Beaumetz, for many years Minister of Fine Arts, committed to writing with the intention that they should appear as a book after his death, and be distributed in privately printed and numbered copies to his own and Rodin's friends.]

Rodin: Oh, my first atelier! I shall never forget it. I lived through some bad times there, because my finances permitted nothing better. For 120 francs a year, I hired a kind of stall, which seemed light enough for the purpose and gave me the necessary refuge in which to reconcile nature with my modeling-clay, that being for me the essential principle from which I have never deviated. The air blew in from every side through badly closed windows and through a shrunken door. It was ice-cold the whole year round and penetratingly damp. To-day I do not understand how I ever stuck it out. It was there that I made my statue *L'homme au nez cassé*. For stubbornness in study and exactness of execution I have never done anything better.

The whole atelier was full of unfinished works, but as I had no money for plaster I lost precious time every day keeping my clay covered with damp cloths — in spite of which I had daily mishaps from frost or heat. Whole lumps would fall off, heads, arms, or legs breaking from the torsos, for me to find in pieces on the floor. You might imagine how much I lost in this way. One big, finished figure came completely to pieces. The winter was especially severe that year. *L'homme au nez cassé* actually froze. The rear of the head split and fell off. All I could do was save the mask and send it to the salon. It was sent back.

I did not let myself be discouraged, but took a somewhat better atelier and began the figure of a bacchante. To finish this statue required two long years of stubborn struggle with Nature. I was twenty-four years old, and already a good sculptor. I was never content with an 'almost.' I went through all kinds of material difficulties. Every artist who ever has been poor will understand what that means. Sunday was our festive day. After a long morning sitting, as a reward for the strenuous work of the week, we used to go out into the suburbs of Paris, to walk through the woods and fields.

Dujardin-Beaumetz: And there you saw your bacchante, as in the days of the antique?

Rodin: I waited impatiently for the moment when I should have the necessary money to have it cast, and I waited a long time. It was ready at last. I was happy, because I felt I had put into it everything there was in me. But one day — I cannot think of that day without my heart bleeding, and if I talk about it, even now it affects me so that I know it will always be a grief to me — I had to move to another atelier. As I had produced a good deal, my old one was full of sketches that were hard to transport. At the end of the day — everybody being extremely tired —

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both my two helpers picked up the figure, one by the head, the other by the feet. They had taken a couple steps when the figure swayed and sank. The clay fell together. When I heard the crash I leaped up and dashed to the place. My poor bacchante was dead.

Rodin: A man must be careful of cleverness. By 'cleverness' I mean that easy way of doing things by which a man, instead of honestly facing his difficulties, avoids them and makes believe to have overcome them. This amounts to putting sham in place of reality. The artist must be a master of his craft. A good work of art looks as though it came into being without trouble. Only after long and deep study does a man begin to feel how much agonizing there is in it. People have often said to me: 'Oh, stop, do not bother with it any more.' And many a time that was the right thing to say. But I worked on because I hoped to win out. From the days of my youth I had a capacity for extraordinarily quick work, like Carrier-Belleuse and Dalou. But instead of that I produce things slowly, in order to do good work.

Dujardin-Beaumetz: One might say that the application of the artist's personality to his work helps — one tries, tests, sees, finds at last. All that has been expended on the study has contributed to its understanding, and that is the real thing. . . . A good portrait is a part of history. It is —

Rodin: It is like the sea with its towering waves and the deep hollows between them. One goes up and down in it as he does on the billows, thinks he is lost forever, then comes up again and fights into harbor. Many a time I have begun the same work ten times over — that is the way you get various aspects and expressions — before I got what I wanted. The good portrait has a moral and physical reality, tells the most secret thoughts, shows the foundations of the soul with its greatness and its whims — unmasked. . . . In preliminary studies the motions are more lifelike, because everything is indicated very simply. One has to admire studies that come from a single sketch which holds one's memory of an experience and gives a complete impression without strain or revision. The artist could give his thoughts visible form without effort. A simple stimulation fertilizes his mind and allows the beholder's fancy to complete and spiritually comprehend what the artist was trying to express.

Dujardin-Beaumetz: Then a man must begin sketching when he is young. The interest and charm of studies lie in the fact that the immediate experience is retained through a few simple strokes limited to the essentials, but with the stamp of reality on them.

Rodin: An artist's first works already show the germ of all his excellences and failings. The will through which his natural gift is developed and his personality completed will make it possible for him to approach nature. Art has means of expression which reason cannot definitely describe. An artist's receptivity shows him beauty in nature which goes beyond what the mere intellect can grasp. A creator makes visible what before was invisible.

Until I was fifty years old, I felt all the trials of poverty. I lived the life of a workman, but the good fortune of being able to work made it possible for me to bear everything. I get bored when I do not work. I should hate not to be able to make things. If a man is compelled to please the great mass he loses his personality and his independence. When a man's needs are limited he can work as he pleases and remain true to his own soul.

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EX-EMPRESS ZITA IN EXILE

BY ELLEN VON PLATEN

From *Idun, August* 10
(SWEDISH WOMAN'S WEEKLY)

[RUMORS of new attempts to restore the Hapsburgs to the throne of Hungary lend interest to the following sympathetic account of the life of the former Empress Zita in Spain.]

NOT long ago, while living in Southern France, I received an invitation to Lequeitio, the little town on the Bay of Biscay, between San Sebastian and Bilbao, where the former Empress of Austria-Hungary has made her home.

The curving road follows the seashore through a magnificent landscape embowered in luxuriant vegetation. English ivy drapes the rocky cliffs, and cactus and eucalyptus trees mingle with our Northern plants and trees. Here and there we passed a piece of land under cultivation, and an occasional dwelling, each with its attendant sheep, pigs, and chickens. The soil is very fertile, and the sea yields abundant fishing.

Finally the road approaches a deep bay, from whose headland a lighthouse is visible for a great distance. Far below us the waves dash their foam against a diagonal breakwater, which shelters a fleet of little fishing-boats. Farther out the sea has built its own breakwater — a rocky island which it is possible to reach on foot at low tide. There is a beach of fine, yellow sand, affording the finest bathing imaginable.

At Lequeitio the houses form a semicircle about the bay, being set close together far up on the high ridge behind, like seats in a theatre. When the sun shines on this little fishing-town, with its five or six thousand inhabitants, its red-tiled roofs and bright-colored walls make a most cheerful picture. The highway crosses a high stone bridge and then skirts a stone wall, behind which evergreen trees toss in the wind. Our automobile stops at the small entrance of a rather large house. We are at the goal of our journey — the villa occupied by the former imperial family.

The former Empress was for a time in financial distress; for she had no control over the Hapsburg private property. Her plight caused a few generous Spaniards to buy this home.

It is large and roomy. Its windows command a wide view in all directions over the sea, the town, and the mountains behind, and its rooms have high ceilings and are very attractive.

In ex-Empress Zita's eyes is reflected her whole soul. One feels immediately how she has conquered her deep sorrow, without becoming bitter. I was touched by her first words — of thanks for the flowers I had placed at the bier of her dearly beloved spouse on that distant island off the African coast. She made a beautiful picture as she stood there, still young, surrounded by her eight children, and dressed in plain black mourning, without an ornament except the wedding ring on the slender hand she extended toward me.

The ex-Empress devotes her entire time to her children. It is a simple, quiet life that is led in this hidden little coast-town. Her Majesty rises early, and her first steps are directed toward

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the church that adjoins the villa. The children are: the young 'Emperor' Otto, aged eleven; Adelheid, ten; Robert, nine; Felix, seven; Carl Ludwig, six; Rudolf, four; Charlotte, three; and little Elizabeth, two years old. They are all lively, gifted, and beautiful. The four eldest receive regular instruction during part of the day. They spend their free time either in the little garden or on the beach, pitching quoits or playing other games. All of them show great interest in the little chicken-yard, watching the young fowls grow. The two oldest boys, Otto and Robert, have each been presented with a pony and a bicycle by an Austrian gentleman. Naturally their greatest delight is to ride. Young Otto is especially well built, with a frank, happy countenance and a pretty smile. He is said to have shown a remarkably good memory for names and events, even from his earliest childhood, and to learn with great ease and eagerness.

The four youngest, fair-haired, blue-eyed children, enjoy most playing on the beach. I was delighted to feel a little baby hand confidently thrust into mine, in order to pilot me to all the wonders that had been built out of the sand. There were so and so many cakes and pies for mother or the other children, all unmercifully trampled underfoot by the smallest girls, who knew no better. Little Rudolf showed me his fleet, consisting of boats of sand with a stick in each to represent the smokestacks. Charlotte and Elizabeth had to be kept at a distance so as not to destroy his entire squadron.

During my visit I witnessed something that shows how much love and loyalty are still felt for the old dynasty by many of its former subjects. At Christmas the people of Vienna and the Tyrol sent numerous *Liebesgaben*. At Easter, again, the people of Steiermark sent the Empress and her eight children a great variety of gifts. These came while I was there, packed in nine big crates, weighing altogether nearly a ton and valued at 300,000,000 Austrian *kronen*.

Among the givers were evidently many who were themselves obliged to struggle hard for their existence. A poor widow had sold a cherished keepsake, which brought in 150,000 Austrian kronen for the fund. A peasant's wife sent apples from her orchard and eggs as an expression of her devotion. An Austrian living in Germany sent 300,000,000,000 German marks. A young boy, too poor to buy anything else, sent his picture with most devoted greetings.

The women of Steiermark had evidently spent much time and labor sewing and knitting stacks of towels, tablecloths, and children's garments. With what understanding they provided the very things needed in a large household with many children!

Thanks to numerous contributions in cash, a number of more expensive articles had also been included — for example, a complete Meissen table-service for eighteen persons, a fine glass-service for twenty-four persons, and three magnificent chests with table-silver for twelve persons in each. The ex-Empress was especially pleased with a beautiful album of views from the Steiermark. On the first page was an engrossed address, containing greetings from twenty-two different organizations, representing altogether 100,000 members.

The children went wild over their Steiermark national costumes, an entire menagerie of artistically carved animals, and not the least over their dolls. Like all boys, the young Emperor Otto was especially thrilled with his tin soldiers — *absit omen*.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE TWO MOTHERS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*A Harvesting*]

In days when I went roaming
My Mother's voice I 'd hear,
With cadence small and clear,
Like bells across the sea,
Through many a foreign gloaming:
'My son, come back to me.'

But now another 's calling,
And Mother Earth is she,
Behind the mystery
When life and work are done:
'Behold, the night is falling;
Come back to me, my son.'

WHIMSICAL WILLIE

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*A Harvesting*]

He was a glorious circus clown
Whose genius drew all London town;
But to far higher things he 'd set
His steadfast heart, and hoped on yet.

Then, from a parish meeting, home
Unto his wife did Willie come,
And cried — the proud, exultant man —
'They 've made me Vicar's warden, Ann!'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

DESERT ISLAND LITERATURE

THE London *Outlook* has been holding what it calls a 'desert-island competition' — an inquiry among its readers as to what book they would prefer to be shipwrecked with upon a deserted island. As none but adventurous souls, who are not always literary, have any real taste for being shipwrecked, and as the Bible and Shakespeare are almost proverbial desert-island reading, — though there is not a bit of evidence that anyone ever read either on any desert island, — special conditions had to be made for the competition. The wreckee was presumed to face an inevitable life of seclusion on the hypothetical island, and to be already provided with a Bible and a complete Shakespeare. Question: What third book should accompany them?

The choices made by the readers were extremely entertaining. The most ingenious were the two competitors who voted for the dictionary. One, doubtless an American, preferred Webster. The other, who was certainly a philologist, demanded Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*. The readers were not joking, and their reasoning is not bad. Webster's faithful reader points out the evident fact that a reader on a desert island needs something so massive as to defy memory or familiarization, and he explains: —

> Through continual reading, the beauty of Shakespeare or the Bible might well diminish. We should cease to be charmed by the unexpected. Every major and minor Prophet, every phase of Hamlet's mind, we should know in advance and understand as much as we are ever mentally capable . . . Not without reason, perhaps, did the sailor complain that a dictionary was very interesting, but lacked connection. That is its merit as a companion of Shakespeare and the Bible upon a desert island.

The advocate of Skeat's wants his dictionary for a somewhat different reason: —

> Many words are used both in the Authorized Version of the Bible and in Shakespeare in a different sense from that in which we now use them, and by studying their etymology and history one comes to know why their meaning has changed. This would be a fascinating occupation in which many a lonely hour could be spent.

The other choices were less bizarre, and needed less explanation. Two competitors chose *Pepys's Diary*, and two the *Pickwick Papers*. One asked for Kipling's collected poems, and another wanted Walter de la Mare's anthology, *Come Hither*. It was inevitable that someone — who, though he did not ask for a dictionary, at least wanted to be near a dictionary's creater — should vote for Boswell's *Johnson*. This was his line of reasoning: —

> 'Sir, we have had a good talk.' To be able to echo that happy reflection the solitary would give all but his last ounce of tobacco. Prospero may summon spirits from sea and earth and air, but Boswell can do better. He will people a desert island with mortals of flesh and blood, the brilliant wits who frequented The Turks Head, the sprightly dames who clustered round Mrs. Thrale's tea-table, the nondescript company who haunted Johnson's Court. Their talk will furnish a mind cut off from its fellows, sharpen an intelligence blunted by disuse, and steady moods unbalanced by solitude.
>
> Best of all, Boswell will bring our Robinson Crusoe into close quarters with Samuel Johnson. 'What do books teach but the

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art of living?' cried the Doctor once, and be that art practised in Fleet Street or on Juan Fernandez, there is no more vigorous craftsman.

There were a number of freak votes. One earnest Englishman asked for *Bradshaw's Continental Guide*, so that he might occupy his leisure with planning imaginary railway-journeys. Another wanted *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book* — a practical choice for a man who would have to cater for himself. Still another asked for *Whitaker's Almanack*. It is an extraordinary comment on the devotion of Englishmen to their own literature that the *Outlook* names but one foreign book in the whole lot, Montaigne's *Essais*.

✽

A SUCCESSOR TO ANATOLE FRANCE

For years Anatole France occupied what was practically a pontifical position in French letters. His death raises the question of a successor, and the Parisian review *Maîtres de la Plume* has invited various popular writers to suggest names. Paul Bourget, who is about as different from France as any French writer can well be, seems to be favored. At least he has been suggested by Tristan Derennes and by the popular novelist Pierre Benoît, who bases his choice on the somewhat dubious ground that M. Bourget has devoted his life to literature and has always been a friend to young writers.

The novelist Jean Giraudoux declines to commit himself until there is a general consensus of public opinion, which is precisely what one might expect from a literary man who is also a diplomat attached to the foreign office. M. Georges Lecomte, president of the Society of Men of Letters, pooh-poohs the whole business for the extremely sensible reason that if there is to be a prince of letters he will be automatically elected by his own writings and not by the votes of other writers.

✽

EDUCATING A SON IN THE 1750's

Old family account-books which have recently been published in England offer interesting light on the cost of education in England in the middle of the eighteenth century. There dwelt near the village of Denton a methodical squire named Welby, who kept account of all his family expenditures, including his son's education at various preparatory schools and at Eton, with extreme precision.

His son, William Earle Welby, was sent to Mr. King's school at Colly-Weston, Northamptonshire, in May 1742. His entrance fee was £2, his board and tuition was £19. 16*s*. His writing-master cost 2 guineas, his dancing-master 4 guineas, but though the luckless youth was in school for two years, there is only one entry for pocket money during the whole time. This, however, was generous according to eighteenth-century standards — 12*s*. 8*d*.

In October 1744 he left to go to Granton school, where Sir Isaac Newton had been educated about a century before. Here he paid twenty guineas for tuition and board, with the usual entrance-fee. His dancing-master seems to have fallen dead while engaged in his professional activities. Sad to say, at this school there was not a cent for pocket money. Later he goes to an Academy at Heath, and in 1749 to Eton.

Here his admission is three guineas, and there are various fees, of four guineas to the Headmaster, and a guinea apiece to the two assistants at intervals during the year. School books for the three years cost nearly £27, but the youth could at last rejoice in pocket money — two guineas to take with him,

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and four guineas each half. By the merciful provision of a custom which defies mathematics but helps impoverished schoolboys, there are three halves to the Etonian year. There are all sorts of charges which to the modern eye look odd: candles, fagots, mops, leather breeches, a silver-laced hat, silver buckles, and three and a half yards of French dimity.

The total cost for the year 1750 was £281, and in 1752, £230 — which is, after all, not a great deal less than an American school of corresponding rank would cost to-day. It is a pleasure to record that, after all this education, William Welby entered Cambridge, became an M.P., and was created baronet in 1801; and that his great-grandson to-day owns his estate and the old accounts which tell so much about him.

✻

OPERATIONS IN ABSENTIA

A FRENCH surgeon attached to the St. Louis Hospital in Paris has invented a new device whereby medical students in an adjoining lecture-room may observe every detail of an operation without disturbing either the patient or the operator by their actual presence on the scene. An ingenious arrangement of lights and mirrors enables them to follow every movement of the operating surgeon, and for their convenience the whole picture is considerably enlarged. Moreover, a loud speaker carries to them the comments of the operating surgeon upon his work.

The new device, which has been named the episcope, is the invention of a young French physician, Dr. Thuillant. The St. Louis Hospital possesses the only one at present in use, but a second is being installed at the École Dentaire.

DODGING THE DRAMATIC CRITICS

THEATRICAL managers have long harbored lingering grudges against that occasionally offensive person, the dramatic critic. It is only a year or two since one of New York's most eminent practitioner's of this turbulent profession was turned ignominiously from the theatre's door.

The manager's position seems quite logical — at least to the manager: Why should he present critics with expensive seats, only to find his play mercilessly roasted in next morning's papers? The critic's position seems equally logical — at least to the critic: How can his criticism be worth anything at all if he is not perfectly free to say what he honestly thinks?

One of the chief complaints of the manager has always been that a number of adverse criticisms in the early days of a play's run may be sufficient to kill it before its merits have had a chance to appeal to the public. An ingenious French manager has now adroitly cut the Gordian knot by excluding — or at least not inviting — the critics until his play has been running for four or five nights and the public has had a chance to look at it with an unprejudiced mind. After that he sends around free seats and asks the critics in. The success of his scheme clearly depends, however, on the miserliness of the critics, for any one of them who is willing to buy seats is in a position to score any number of beats on his rivals.

The comments of English managers upon the device of their French colleagues are various. Mr. Basil Dean of Drury Lane, who usually receives the gentlest of critical handling, does not think the scheme is possible. 'English critics as a rule are remarkably well informed and fair,' and he professes himself quite content to obtain the verdict of critics and audience at the

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same time. Mr. Laurence Cowen, both manager and playwright, who is still smarting over the sad fate of his play *Sinners*, thinks the French plan is 'a glorious idea,' but he adds ferociously: 'I would much prefer that the critics were not invited at all.' He confesses frankly: —

> The reason we invite the critics is to get publicity. You have to chance it being the sort of publicity you don't want. After all, if the *Westminster Gazette* says something about a play, half a million people know about it. But if you are dependent upon the audiences, only a few hundred people know about it.
>
> If we could afford it, we might dispense with critics and advertise in the ordinary way. But even then we probably should n't be able to exclude the critics, and the attempt to do so would only make them more 'mustardy' than ever — if possible.

The only critic who has thus far been consulted is the *Westminster Gazette's*, who sadly confesses that 'critics do not make or mar plays' in England. In Paris, however, where the *répétition générale* precedes the first public performance, criticisms may appear before the play is formally launched, and may thus have a great influence.

✻

GIANT FOSSILS IN AFRICA

THE British Museum Expedition, which has been digging for dinosaurs in the Tanganyika territory, and to which reference has previously been made in the *Living Age*, has made some extraordinary finds in the fossil beds there, which were originally opened up by German palæontologists when the country was a German colony. The most astonishing fossil thus far dug up is a giant dinosaur which will certainly prove the largest yet discovered anywhere in the world — larger even than Diplodocus. A single shoulder-blade has been discovered measuring seventy-four inches across — so large that sixteen men were required to lift it. The fossils found have for some reason included very few teeth or sculls.

American householders, who are not greatly interested in dinosaurs, may appreciate the piquant information that the fossil-hunters can buy chickens at eight cents apiece and fresh eggs for twenty-five cents a hundred. The African natives with whom they deal have not yet heard about the high cost of living.

✻

A NEW MEDIÆVAL LATIN DICTIONARY

PLANS for a new dictionary of mediæval Latin, on the same lines as the *New English Dictionary*, though of course not nearly so voluminous, are being matured by the Union Académique Internationale, which has been working on the scheme during the last two years. For the present, the dictionary is to be limited to the period ending with the eleventh century.

In England, the British Academy, which belongs to the Union Académique, has appointed two coöperating committees — the first, under the presidency of Professor Sir Paul Vinogradoff, will coöperate with scholars of other nations, and the second, under Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, will proceed to collect materials from British sources for the period extending from the eleventh century up to the year 1600, thus covering territory which the international organization will leave untouched. The new Latin dictionary will be built up much as was the *New English Dictionary*, with the coöperation of hosts of readers who undertake to go through particular books in order to select appropriate quotations.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Wonders of the Himalaya, by Sir Francis Younghusband. London: John Murray, 1924. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Servant of Sahibs, by Ghulam Rassul Gahvan. London: Heffer, 1924. 9*s*.

[Clennell Wilkinson in the *London Mercury*]

When Sir Francis Younghusband recently wrote a book about religion, he was strongly advised by the reviewers to leave that subject alone. And reviewers, he remarks ironically, 'have to be obeyed.' Anyhow he took his orders in a soldierly spirit, and in his latest book returns to those earthly adventures which we all, including reviewers, want to hear of from him. He at first thought of writing a book for boys, but concluded that the modern boy prefers books written for men. It may be so. In any case, it is certain that boys of all ages, from fifteen to forty, will welcome with enthusiasm this exhilarating account of his earlier adventures when he himself was little more than a boy.

The simple facts of the case are sufficiently astonishing. In March 1887 Sir Francis Younghusband, then an unknown subaltern in his early twenties, was at Peking, when he fell in with Colonel Mark Bell, head of the Indian Intelligence Department, who was about to attempt a journey to India across China and Chinese Turkestan. No European had done it since Marco Polo. Younghusband asked to be allowed to join the expedition, but Bell refused on the ground that it would be waste of effort for two officers to travel over the same ground. However, he must have been impressed by his young acquaintance, for he coolly suggested that, while he himself would travel through the populated parts of China, the subaltern should tackle Marco Polo's own route across the Desert of Gobi, and endeavor to enter India through the unknown Mustagh Pass! So Younghusband set out with a few native companions. He had no information about the route, no map of any kind, and the only boots he possessed were a nailless pair of 'town' boots bought in Peking. He knew little of mountaineering, and had to trust implicitly to his native guides. It seems nothing short of a miracle that the party should have got across the Himalayas without a single casualty, and they must have owed more to Younghusband's leadership than anyone would gather from reading his modest narrative. Mountaineering, after all, is as much a question of psychology as of physical endurance. Pressing on in front of his companions, Younghusband one morning reached the summit of the pass, and saw before him the 'glistening line of splendid peaks all radiant in the sunshine, their summits white with purest snow, their flanks stupendous cliffs.' What did he do?

> I lay down on the ground, and gazed and gazed upon the scene, muttering to myself deep thankfulness that to me it had been given to see such glory. Here was no disappointment — no trace of disillusionment. This world was more wonderful than I had ever known before. And I seemed to grow greater myself from the mere fact of having seen it. Having once seen that, how could I ever be little again?

That is the true explorer's spirit. It is the sufficient answer to those who, as the author tells us, often ask even now: 'What is the good of climbing Mount Everest?' It is not confined to men of one country or one race. Modesty is one of Sir Francis Younghusband's most engaging characteristics, but his tribute to the enthusiasm and endurance of his companions on this historic journey — a Ladakhi or two, a Balti Slave, bought for £7, a Chinese cook, and so on — rings true. They had the same spirit of adventure that inspired their white leader. It is, indeed, a well-known characteristic of the Himalayan peoples. We get an amusing and timely confirmation of this in the second book on my list, *Servant of Sahibs*, written in broken English by the excellent Rassul Gahvan, with an introduction by no less a person than Sir Francis Younghusband himself. Rassul was a Ladakhi, and from his earliest youth he pined for travel and adventure, preferably in the service of an English sahib. He wanted to 'see new countries.' When still a boy he pleads with a caravan-leader: 'Please give me service of Sahib. I long for the journey by Yarkand.' What is more remarkable, these people share the modern Englishman's admiration for wild mountain scenery, a thing inexplicable to our own ancestors of the eighteenth century. When Rassul first came in sight of the high peaks of the Himalayas, he wrote:—

> To the East was a very tall glacier mountain, very steep, covered much ice. That looked much beautiful. Top that mountain always see over it a hat of cloud. I said myself: 'Lucky man myself to see that mountain.'

It is amusing to compare that with Sir Francis Younghusband's own comment on the same scenery which I have quoted above. The Englishman and the Himalayan are perhaps as near

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as East and West can ever be. Rassul, by the way, served Sir Francis Younghusband for a short period, and gives him a good character. But some of the explorer's most faithful followers cut a poor figure in Rassul's diary. Shukar Ali, whose pluck and hearty good humor contributed so much to the success of the expedition through the Mustagh Pass, appears in Rassul's narrative as a petty thief who was observed abstracting food and knives from the kit-bags of his companions. But did not Rassul himself annex a bottle of brandy and drink it? — with disastrous results, for he was a Moslem and a lifelong teetotaller. The old jokes about Babu English are wearing a little thin, but Rassul's diary is something quite out of the common. His mistakes are at least as amusing as those of the author of *The Young Visiters*, and the naïveté of his confessions, which he never intended for publication, almost rank his diary, on its personal side, with that of the great Pepys.

Anatole France en pantoufles, by Jean-Jacques Brousson. Paris: Crès, 1925.

[Paul Souday in *Le Temps*]

M. JEAN-JACQUES BROUSSON, who was Anatole France's secretary from 1902 to 1909, gives us his memories of his old master. This kind of thing is always done, but among the numerous precedents that he might invoke, Mr. Brousson omits Eckermann and names Abbé Le Dieu. Is this to attract readers greedy for indiscreet revelations? Or is it an almost perverse humility? The modern public scarcely reads Abbé Le Dieu, and one might almost ask whether M. Brousson himself has read so much as Sainte-Beuve's article on the *Journal* kept by this former secretary of de Bossuet, which the critic printed in the thirteenth volume of his *Causeries du lundi*. According to Sainte-Beuve, Abbé Le Dieu's *Journal* 'does honor to nobody.' Bossuet's adversaries will find there 'things to discredit and diminish him.' Sainte-Beuve speaks of 'mere gossip,' of 'caricature.' He accuses Abbé Le Dieu of 'employing his wretched jealousy to note down everything that may attract the petty or the spiteful.' He insists: 'Le Dieu is a kind of domestic spy.'

Far be it from me to compare my colleague, M. Jean-Jacques Brousson, in any degree with the treacherous and faithless servant whom Sainte-Beuve treats so cavalierly, but what a strange whim it is to appeal to such a precedent and to claim to have done for Anatole France 'what Abbé Le Dieu did for Bossuet'! Heaven be praised, he has done nothing of the sort, and M. Brousson slanders himself most unfairly. I mention this unfortunate circumstance solely as proof of a certain carelessness, that one must not always take M. Brousson quite literally.

His book is highly amusing, cleverly written, and will certainly attain a great *succès de curiosité*. Without intending to be precisely disparaging, it is nevertheless not altogether friendly in intention and malice will find some food in it. To be perfectly frank, there are things in the preface that stir doubts. I do not believe M. Brousson deliberately embroiders, but perhaps his memory has not always served him well.

The Harvesting, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Grant Richards, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MR. PHILLPOTTS is too modest when he refers to his verses as 'the litter of my trifling rhymes.' His note is neither powerful nor rich, but it is delicately personal and precise in all its variations. He has to quote his description of a heron's silver plume, —

> A dainty pen with which to bless
> The joys of solitariness.

His verse is of two kinds: that which expresses his love of nature in slow-moving and melodious stanzas, and that which pokes malicious satire at man, usually in short epigrammatic form. Two stanzas chosen from a poem describing earth's change of vesture as night draws on will illustrate the characteristics of the former: —

> The purple of her hills she casts aside;
> The glow of field and fallow, heath and glen;
> The forest glories and the flow'r-lit fen;
> The beaches, where her seas spread their blue margent wide.
> She doffs the day and in a garment dim,
> Wrought of the dusk and owl-light, rests and dreams
> And dwindles in the darkness, while small streams
> Tell her about themselves and make a twilight hymn.

[Two poems from this book appear on A Page of Verse.]

BOOKS MENTIONED

POPOFF, GEORGES. *Tscheka, der Staat im Staate; Ein Moskauer Erlebnis.* Frankfurt a/M: Societätsdruckerei, 1924.

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This Week

Cesare Rossi — ex-publicity man for the Fascisti — charges Mussolini with personal responsibility for all the riots, free-for-alls, and pig-piles that have taken place in Italy since the famous March on Rome. The Matteotti murder has lost the Premier many of his most intimate friends, but we feel sure that he will be quite safe as long as the Argus-eyed Mr. Putato stands by.

* * *

The fact that Mexico has for the third time in a hundred years undergone a change of Presidents without bloodshed must mean that elections are becoming about as important on one side of the Rio Grande as they are on the other. The only thing that makes one doubt Señor Calles's strength is the fact that 'the Intellectual Proletariat' proclaims 'its faith in Calles as its champion.'

* * *

They certainly know how to make a night of it in India. First a singer imitates the sighing of the wind and the murmur of a brook while, somewhat after the fashion of the Living Statue acts in vaudeville, he portrays to his audience the moods of Morning, Evening, Spring, and — last but not least — Love. Next comes the entertainer with the twelve-stringed mandolin; and finally the recitation of a few Sanskrit verses brings the delightful evening to its close.

* * *

Our old friend Mr. Popoff has something to tell us about Russia's Secret Police — or the Cheka, as we Bolsheviki call them. According to those who know, this body of gentlemen is highly effective in preventing active expressions of discontent with the status quo.

* * *

To call Joseph Sadler a cat-burglar is like referring to the two James boys as a couple of pick-pockets. Kenneth Hare recounts some of the exploits of this seventeenth-century second-story man whose quick wit proved much more effective than mere courage in getting him out of scrapes.

* * *

Just as if he were present at a raid on his favorite blind tiger, 'Tio Pepé,' when he is caught in the *Living Age*, refuses to give his right name. But it does not matter, for he has many strange stories to relate of the Mexican Aztec. To be continued in our next.

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Re St. Valentine, His Day

With very little trouble, you can receive as interesting a Valentine as ever you did see—

The March number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

And it contains real heart interest.

"A Young Man's Fancy" by Luke Thomas, and "Three Moments" by Leigh Morton.

And what many believe is Thomas Boyd's best story "Responsibility."

* * *

We have talked much about America on this page. We believe we are justified, because by the term we mean the life we live to-day and the country we live it in.

And Scribner's Magazine has been presenting and will continue to present many interesting comments on both.

* * *

The February number, now current, is distinguished by such contributions as John Hays Hammond's "Strong Men of the Wild West"; Stanislaw Gutowski's "An Immigrant at the Crossroads"; William J. Henderson's "Ragtime, Jazz, and High Art."

Mr. Hammond contributes a second article to the March number referred to above.

Struthers Burt, that Eastern-Westerner (or Western-Easterner, if you prefer) contributes "The Epic Note."

Gerald W. Johnson, one of those who are making North Carolina a center of a renaissance of the South, is the author of "The Battling South."

Neither of these writers is pollyannaish. Yet both see hopeful and healthy signs in America.

* * *

"American Mythology" by Caroline E. MacGill is an interesting idea, developed with wit and aptness.

* * *

Pertinent topics also are "The Black Army of France: A Dark Cloud With a Silver Lining" by Albert Guérard and "Humanizing Industry" by Charles S. Myers.

* * *

George Sarton's essay "Transparency" bears the subtitle "A Way of Looking at People." It is more than that. It is a philosophy of life in six pages.

* * *

The March winds blow; we try not to. But we do reiterate the statement made in the first paragraph.

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